

Arlington Advocate.

CHARLES S. PARKER, Editor.

Devoted to the Local Interests of the Town.

SUBSCRIPTION, \$2.00 A YEAR.

Vol. XV.

ARLINGTON, MASS., FRIDAY, JANUARY 1, 1886.

No. 1.

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A Serial Story by Francis Houghton Burnett. The first long story she has written for children.
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An Honored Name.

The Chicago Sunday Herald of last week contained a long article devoted to the honored President of Chicago Board of Trade, E. Nelson Blake, with a good portrait, a copy of which has come to hand. As Mr. Blake is well known here outside of his large circle of immediate relatives, we clip portions of the article for their benefit, as follows:—

In a few weeks the Chicago Board of Trade will elect a new president. Doubtless the present presiding officer would for the second time be re-elected without a dissenting voice if he would consent to serve. But he will not, and the board will have to look long and high to find a worthy successor to E. Nelson Blake.

Mr. Blake became a member of the Board of Trade in 1872, to further the interests of his house. He was never a speculator. Two years ago he was elected president of the board, and immediately it was discovered that there was a new kind of man at the helm. The boys addicted to horse-play upon the board and to various violations of the rules soon found that the new administration was one of reform. Mr. Blake did not seek the office, but with his usual conscientiousness determined that his responsibilities should be faithfully met. He began to enforce the rules without fear or favor, and soon had the younger element of the board up, in arms against him. They swore they would submit to no tyranny or old fogysm, and that they would not be governed like children. But the president quietly and dignifiedly persisted in his course; he was alert and impartial; former presidents and men of wealth were brought up with a turn as sharp as that which startled the boys. Horse-play suddenly came to an end, and the new president had won his first battle. Then came a vigorous raid upon various improper practices and irregular trading, and it was found that under this administration the way of the transgressor against commercial honor was indeed hard. Many members persisted in violating the rules by trading after hours. Little crowds used to gather on the sidewalks and in open air make their deals in a manner unbecoming to the dignity of the organization which is the centre of the world's grain and provision market.

There was rebellion against the mandate which went forth from headquarters that this violation of board laws must cease, but a few fines, one or two suspensions, a lecture or two, and the president was again the winner. Trading after hours ceased. Then came the war on the bucket-shops. It was long and bitter, and litigation followed. Again there was rebellion, and the cry was raised that business was being driven to other cities. But, as before, the president persisted, conscious that he was laboring for the best interests of the board, and again victory perched upon his banner. Had the election of his successor been called at the middle of the year, and Mr. Blake had been a candidate, it is probable that he would have been beaten. But at the end of the year sentiment had changed, and he was re-elected almost unanimously, the first re-election of a president in fifteen years.

Mr. Blake is a natural leader of men. His unselfishness, his keen sense of right, his dignity of manner and close observance of all public and private proprieties, win him the confidence and respect of his fellows to a rare degree.

Mr. Blake is an earnest Christian and one of the most valued members of the Second Baptist Church. To this congregation he has given liberally in money, and his gifts to the Morgan Park Theological Seminary have been more than princely. At one time he gave \$30,000 on condition that \$100,000 should be raised, and kindled so great an enthusiasm that double that sum was secured. In all he has given to this institution more than \$60,000.

President Blake is generally regarded as a man of great wealth, but this supposition is an error. The Herald has it upon the authority of one of his intimate friends that his possessions do not amount to as much as \$400,000. He does not believe in the acquisition of great wealth, and regards a life spent in eager pursuit after riches a life mis-spent.

Mr. Blake is an ardent, though discriminating, Republican, and a member of the Citizens' Association. He was a sincere admirer of General Grant, a firm believer in the dead hero's honesty, and an enthusiastic advocate of the third term. Though persistently refusing all invitations to enter political life, he has always endeavored to do his duty as a citizen by laboring, even at the polls, for the election of good men to office. Last year he was pressed by both factions in the Third District to take the Congressional nomination as a compromise candidate, and only his ever positive declination prevented his election. West Side Republicans are already using his name in connection with the coming contest for the seat into which little Mr. Ward has just slipped himself.

Mr. Blake is fifty-five years old, a good elocutionist and great lover of Shakespeare, a modern Christian knight and model citizen, one of the most popular presidents the Board of Trade ever had, and a man who permits not a day to pass without doing some good to his fellow man.

Reporter's Weekly Gatherings IN ARLINGTON.

—Subscriptions are now renewable.
—Polo to-night, in the Arlington rink.
—Schools resume their regular sessions next Monday.

—Don't fail to see the polo game this (Friday) evening. It will be well worth seeing.

—Arlington now enjoys double telegraphic facilities, the new lines having been run into the post office, and Mr. Fowle will have charge of the business.

—The Indians who have been giving entertainments and selling so-called medicine in Town Hall for a month past have gone to Somerville.

—The closing up of accounts in the several departments of the town show the several departments to have been kept well within the appropriations.

—The boys and girls have had lots of fun skating this week. They owe the clerk of the weather hearty thanks for the delightful weather furnished this vacation week.

—Next Friday evening comes the third in the series of lectures on the Campaigns of the Army of the Potomac by members of the Unity Club. The Peninsula Campaign will again be the subject presented.

—Prof. Dorchester will preach in the church at the Heights Sunday morning, at 10.45. Communion will be administered after sermon. Concert by the school in the evening at seven o'clock.

—More light is needed along the walk to and from the centre station. We would suggest one at the corner of Town Hall and another up the track at a proper distance.

—Mr. Charles E. Goodwin who has served on the School Committee since 1873, during nearly all of which time he has filled the responsible and often arduous position of clerk, has resigned from the same and retired from the board.

—Strangers and friends are cordially invited to attend the morning service at the Baptist church, at 10.45, a. m. Sunday school at 12.10, with session of one hour. Evening prayer meeting at 7 o'clock, commencing with a fifteen minutes' service of song.

—Christmas afternoon there was a polo game in the rink between two junior teams, Waverleys and Arlingtons. The visitors won the two first in 13.40 and 10.50, and Arlingtons the winning three in 6.50, 8.20, 10.15. Daniels and Flynn were the Arlingtons rushers.

—The annual treat for the children of the Sunday school of St. John's church was given in the smaller hall of the Town House on the evening of the feast of the holy innocents. There was the usual tree, with its illuminations and gifts. Prizes were also given by the rector to the children who for three months past had made perfect recitations of the collect every Sunday. A number of appropriate carols were sung at intervals during the evening.

—The Christmas exercises at the Congregational church consisted of Rev. W. C. Wilbur's special programme for such occasions, and was well-brought out. The choir furnished a large share of the music, Miss Holt and Mrs. Lane having solos, and both singing in a trio with Miss Mary Fowle. Mr. R. A. Ware also rendered a solo in a highly finished and artistic manner and the male quartette, by Messrs. Rugg, Taylor, Mason and Ware, was one of the gems of the evening. The address was by Rev. Dr. Mason, who told the children of some things he thought he saw once as he stood and looked upon the face of the child Jesus, as depicted in the picture which adorns the walls of the primary department of the Sunday school, where the artist has graphically produced the scene described by St. Luke, as he tells in his Gospel of the boy of twelve years found by his parents surrounded by the doctors and lawyers in the temple "both hearing them and asking them questions."

—A public missionary meeting will be held in St. John's church on Wednesday evening next, Jan. 6th, at half-past seven o'clock. This meeting is one of a series to be had in every Episcopal parish of the State, under the auspices of the Diocesan Board. The object aimed at is to disseminate definite information respecting missionary effort, and to quicken a missionary spirit among the people. To this end strong extempore speakers are appointed to address the several meetings. The Arlington meeting may be considered fortunate in having for its speakers the Rev. Henry F. Allen, rector of the church of the Messiah, Boston, and Rev. John T. Magrath, rector of Christ church, Hyde Park. Christians of every name interested in missionary enterprises are cordially invited to be present.

—Wednesday evening there was another junior polo game at the rink. Somerville sending a team to compete with one made up of three young fellows from Medford and three Arlington boys. It was a rough game all through but the so-called Medford team won, three to one, the time of the winners being 2.20, 1.24, 2.40. The Somervilles captured the second goal in 1.30.

—The Christmas service at St. John's church was held on the morning of Christmas day. The interior of the church building had been tastefully trimmed beforehand. The decorations about the chancel were generally admired. Taste in selection and care in rehearsal had their effect in making the musical parts of the service appropriate and satisfactory. The rendering of the "Te Deum" and "Jubilate," at morning prayer, and that of the anthem "There were shepherds," in the service for the holy communion were especially fine. The rector, Rev. Mr. Ketchum, preached on the doctrine of the day, that of the incarnation, taking for his text a passage from the gospel for the festival, "The word was made flesh." The congregation present at the service was unusually good.

—The School Committee transacted quite a batch of business at the last regular meeting. It was voted that Smith's Primer of Physiology and Hygiene be placed on the teacher's desks in all the primary schools and in the grammar to the third grade, for their use in instructing the scholars in the effect of alcohol on the system; and that Smith's Elementary Physiology and Hygiene be used as a text book in the other grades. Blaisdell's Physiology for boys and girls and Young Folks' Physiology are to be placed in corresponding grades for collateral use. The recent instance of unusual punishment of a child in one of the Somerville schools was discussed and as a precautionary measure the Committee voted "That any teacher shall be suspended who shall punish pupils in irregular methods, or by any method not authorized by the committee." The resignation of Miss Ball was accepted and the sub-committee of the High School was directed to fill the vacancy.

—The Christmas music at the Universalist church was peculiarly appropriate and well rendered.

—The first of a course of lectures by Rev. James Ray Applebee will be given in the Unitarian church on the evening of January 14th. The course tickets are at the low price of 75 cents.

—Thomas Mehan is wanted by the officers for cruelty to animals, but some one ought to look after him for deserting his family of young children, who he has left destitute and without any provision for their support.

—Michael Day, with the assistance of his brother John, celebrated the close of the year by getting drunk and making an assault on John Marriger and his wife. A warrant was issued for the arrest of Michael, charged with a double assault.

—The annual election of officers of the Baptist Sunday school resulted as follows:—Supt., Wendell E. Richardson; secretary and treasurer, Lewis O. Locke; librarian, Abbot Allen; assistant librarian, Irving Allen; chorister, William E. Wood; pianist, Carl W. Schwamb; finance committee, S. B. Thing, H. E. Chamberlin.

—Arlington Baptist church begins the new year with the following list of officers:—Clerk and treasurer, George G. Allen; standing committee, pastor and clerk with William H. Allen, Wendell E. Richardson, W. E. Wood, S. B. Thing, H. E. Chamberlin, Warren Rawson; chorister, Wm. E. Wood. An appropriation of \$150 has been made for the Sunday school.

—The Christmas festival of the children of the Congregational church was held on Christmas eve, and a large company gathered to participate and enjoy the pleasures of the children. Trees were placed at the corner of the platform in the vestry, and the whole trimming of the room was in good taste. The entertainment was by Messrs. Geo. E. Damon and A. D. Grover, of the Alpine Concert Company, the former a character sketch artist and the latter a banjoist, and the children were lusty in their applause. A box of candy and neat Christmas cards were distributed to all, and at an early hour they were dismissed to await the pleasant surprises of Christmas morn.

—St. Nicholas for Jan. is virtually another Christmas number. W. D. Howells leads off with his long promised story, which is delightfully unconventional. Mrs. Burnett has an installment of her charming serial, and H. E. Scudder gives the opening chapters of the story of Washington's life, which is to be profusely illustrated. There is a short bit of talk for young folks by Helen Jackson, and H. H. Boyesen has one of his entertaining tales. Sophie May has a bright story about Santa Claus on snow shoes and Hesperia Butterworth tells how his grandmother's grandmother's Christmas candle repelled an Indian invasion in colonial days. Nick Woolson's ride is a clever winter sketch, well illustrated. "The king of the frozen north," is an illustrated article, and an article in the business papers on architecture and the chances for a young man in that profession is given. The other departments are full of choice and entertaining literature.

The Polo Contests this Week.

Last Saturday evening, in company with Mr. George Russell, the Arlington Polo team went to Hudson, to play their first game in the series with the club in that town. As the Hudson team had never been defeated in their own rink and Arlingtons had suffered defeat from clubs who had fallen easy victims to the Hudsons, there was good reason for their backers to feel sure another would be added to their list of games won; and when the playing resulted in the two first goals being captured by them there were few sanguine enough to believe Arlingtons had any show. But the third contest was the sharpest of the sharp and Bailey not only won the rush but was up to all the points, and held beyond peradventure the goal McBride had neatly made. The fourth was won by the Arlingtons in less time than the preceding, and then came the tug of war, both teams standing with two goals to their credit. Kennard won the rush and the Hudsons backed him well, but Bailey led his team right on to victory and in a few moments the ball was neatly passed over to McLane, who caged it skillfully and thus won the game and gave their opponents their first defeat in their home place. The following are the details of the game:—

Hudsons.	Positions.	Arlingtons.
Kennard	First rush.	Bailey
Ledue	Second rush.	McBride
Jandron	Cover point.	McLane
Marrs	Centre.	Ross
Holinson	Halfback.	Washer
Baker	Goal.	Dacey

Won by Hudsons. Rush Time. Made by 1 goal. Hudsons. Kennard. 8m. Jandron 2 goal. Hudsons. Kennard. 1m 45s. Ledue 3 goal. Arlingtons. Bailey. 6m 30s. McBride 4 goal. Arlingtons. Kennard. 4m 35s. McLane 5 goal. Arlingtons. Kennard. 3m 22s. McLane

The Arlingtons boys are still pressing well along on the road to the front in the Union League games, having two good games to their credit since our last issue. On Wednesday evening the team went to Marlboro and those witnessing the game name it the prettiest of the season. The Marlboros took the first rush, but the Arlingtons won the first goal in 11.05. Marlboros retallied in 4.35 for the second, and then McLane caged the ball for the Arlingtons in 25 seconds. Marlboros did almost as well with the next goal, and then came the final struggle, each club having two goals. Bailey gained the rush in this contest, the opponents having led in the other four, and after a struggle in which there was good polo playing, victory perched on our boys, who won in 4.50.

From the Gorham, N. H. Mountaineer we clip the following notice of Miss Ida Brown, who made her debut before an Arlingten audience not very long ago, as a reader, and who has gone on winning golden opinions from that time to the present:—

"To say that she is an excellent reader is only a faint way of expressing the praise the audience accorded her. Throughout a well selected programme she proved herself to be equally well at home in pathetic, dramatic or humorous impersonations, but it was not until, in response to an encore when she imitated "Miss Flora McFlimsy's first appearance as a vocalist before a Boston public," that the audience fully appreciated her rendering of a humorous piece. From that time until the close she had them completely in her power, swaying them at will from almost tears to a merry laugh. The thorough manner in which she controlled her voice was a source of wonder, specially well displayed in the reading of "The Yarn of the Nanxy Bell," and adding to this the many graces of nature and her charming originality of gesture, and it is safe to say that seldom, if ever, have such readings, or rather recitations, or her selections were all memorized, been heard. All attested to the fact that it was the literary event of the winter. It is to be hoped that in the not far off future she will again visit us, and as her reputation becomes more widely known, it seems not at all unlikely that K. N. C. Hall would fall a good deal short of holding those who would assemble."

Miss Brown won great applause at an entertainment given in Portland, last Saturday, and is now off on a three week's engagement with the Tilt Family.

East Lexington notes, continued from 8th page

Some of our ladies have been interested in starting a "Periodical Club" in our village and they have been successful. They voted to subscribe The Century, Harpers, N. A. Review, Popular Science Monthly, The Overland, Frank Leslie's Illustrated paper and one on art and education and others doubtless will be added with the increase of members. Such a club is a benefit to all village and enables us to become familiar with some of the best thoughts of to-day.

We are obliged to send our news too early to give an account of the bon-bon party which occurred Thursday evening, but we presume it will keep over until next week.

Mr. Clifford Tower and wife, from New York, have been spending the holidays at his father's.

The Dramatic club will meet at Miss Maria Butterfield's, this Friday evening.

Pagan Myo, on the bank of the Irrawaddy, just above Minla, and now in possession of the British troops, is the ancient capital of Burmah and in ruins. It extends for two miles along the river and is choked with jungle. Its pagodas are almost countless, and one of them ranks next to the famous Taj Mahal. The neighboring hills are dotted with ruined pagodas razed by the hill tribes (who are not Buddhists) for the sake of the gold and silver images of Gautama buried beneath each when it was founded.

Late English papers contain an order from the privy council which requires every local authority in England, Wales and Scotland to slaughter within two days of the existence of the disease becoming known to them all swine affected with swine fever, and all swine which have been in contact with such affected swine, the compensation in the former case being fixed at one-half the value of the animal and in the latter case at the full value.

M. de Lesseps, the great constructor of canals, has been making some statements that agriculturists might think of with profit. He says that one pound of flour is worth three pounds of beef. He asks why cereals are fed to cattle, hogs and sheep. "Why not," he says, "eat the grain instead of feeding it to animals?" He says that England is supporting 82,000,000 cattle, sheep and hogs upon cereals she herself raises, while she imports flour from America to feed her people.

The supreme court of Indiana has just decided that where property has been destroyed by fire from sparks negligently permitted to escape from a locomotive the owner may recover its full value from the railway company, notwithstanding the fact that the property was fully insured and the insurance company had paid the loss. In other words, if a person happens to be lucky enough to have his building burned by a chance spark, and also has it insured in a solvent company, he may get twice its value in solid cash.

A company of Americans are to lay a paper railway in Russia. The uses of paper are becoming amazingly extended, and will be likely to do some queer tricks with rhetoric as people now may think. Perhaps it will not seem strange some years hence to read in a newspaper of a locomotive "fiercely flagellating the all-enduring paper nails, and striking fire and thunder from them at every mighty bound," but it seems now as though it would. Inevitably cannon balls will come to be made of paper, and the New Yorker of the future may learn with sorrow and alarm of the demolition of Fort Moulton by the "heavy paper shell" poured upon it by a hostile vessel lying far out at sea.

Now, when the mercury sinks out of sight and the water-pipes freeze up, there is a timely renewal of the proposition to dam the Strait of Belle Isle, between Newfoundland and Labrador, so as to deflect the Arctic current which now passes through, turning it eastward and allowing the warm water of the Gulf Stream to flow northward close to the shores. It is claimed that this warding off of the frigid waters would give a mild and genial climate from Nova Scotia to Cape Hatteras, like that of Spain and Northern Italy in the same latitude. This stringing of new isothermal lines will be expensive, and the scheme is not likely to prosper. But it is better to dam the Strait of Belle Isle than to imprecate the weather.

During the past decade the savings banks of the United States have decreased to the number of fifty, while their total resources have increased \$227,000,000, and the aggregate amount of their deposits \$189,000,000. The average amount to each depositor has fluctuated from \$332 to \$356. From the best information obtainable the number of savings banks at the present time, by geographical divisions, is as follows:

	No.	Capital.
New England.....	430	\$100,000
Middle States.....	158	680,000
Southern States.....	5	550,000
Western States.....	48	2,720,000
Totals.....	641	\$4,950,000

Of the total number of savings banks about 590 are without capital, which explains in the table above the small amount of total capital.

The territory of Alaska is so far away and in the popular imagination is so closely associated with polar bears and overhanging snows that, though it is part and parcel of the United States of America, but little is known of it by Americans. There are reasons now for the belief that at no distant day Alaska will be more familiar to the people under whose protection it was placed by the purchase of 1867, and it would not be surprising, if, in the development of its undoubted mineral and timber resources, it should become as long an important and influential State. The territory is of vast extent, having more than 4,000 miles of seacoast, and is varied in its climate that, while portions of it are almost uninhabitable, other sections are, by reason of the warm currents from the Pacific ocean, made as salubrious as the Middle Southern States.

The most dangerous counterfeit of a United States coin is a \$5 gold piece that is supposed to have been made through the rascality of some employes in the New Orleans mint. It was made with the genuine stamp. The outside is of 900 fine gold and the inside of spelt and platina. There are hundreds of thousands of them in circulation.

The New York Times declares that "all the most successful farmers are now specialists. One grows apples and pears, and his name is well known in the markets at home and abroad, for thousands of barrels of choice fruit bearing his name are scattered over two continents. Another produces fine butter, and has a steady and regular market for his product. One grows potatoes and sells several thousand dollars' worth every year. Others breed stock, horses, cattle, sheep, and some poultry and hogs, but all gain a reputation in their own ways and have a sure and wide outlet for their products. It must now be so with the majority of farmers, for they have been cast adrift from their old landmark and have fallen into a network of cross currents which carry them wholly away from their former courses. An instance of this is the dairy, which is wholly at the mercy of a substituted artificial product against which there is no possible competition excepting by making the choicest quality of butter and cheese.

Ohio river flat-boatmen in old times used to have a saying, and believed in it too, that "water is clean after it has flowed over nine stones, no matter what it was before." "It would be comforting to fastidious New Yorkers," says a metropolitan paper, "if they had some such conviction as an offset to the hideous information made public by Inspector Lewis, of the health department, to the effect that 'the territory from which the Croton water supplies is obtained embraces cesspools, barnyards, 9,455 cows, 1,244 horses, 1,500 pigs, and 20 sheep, and a population of 20,000 persons with their dwellings.' The first thing we know some Philadelphia newspaper will be finding out about this and saying: 'Why! Hello! Croton water is as filthy as our own Schuylkill!' This matter of pollution of the water supplies of our large cities is a most momentous one already, and must become more and more serious as our population increases. It is simply amazing, in view of the facts existing, that people are not more generally careful to have thoroughly filtered the water they require for household use."

Food of the Burmese.
The flesh of the python is much esteemed by the Karens for food, and the gall bladder for medicine. All lizards of the varanide family are highly valued for food, and sought for in hollow trees by the aid of dogs. The Karens steal up the tree with a noose at the end of a bamboo, and snare them while leaping for the water, or catch them in a boat beneath the tree. The head is deemed venomous; but the flesh of the other parts is preferred to fowls. If not needed for immediate consumption, the captive is rendered helpless by breaking some of the toes and knotting the sinews. The eggs are equally esteemed. The padat (*Liopeus guttatus*) is herbivorous, and in high favor as a viand. The flesh of the mijiyoung (*Crocodilus*), which is very common and reaches thirty feet in length, is in great request for food. A kind of turtle during the inundations becomes scattered about the country, and on the subsidence of the floods, and during the grass burning in April, many are either caught alive, or their scorched bodies are found afterward, and greatly relished by the people. The flesh of the soft turtles is generally eaten by the Burmese, and may be good, though the animals are carnivorous. The leikpyen-won is aligivorous, and is the "edible turtle" of India. The boatmen on the river make it a practice, when mooring at a spot, to hunt in the neighboring thickets for lizards, chameleons, snakes, and similar reptiles, with which they flavor the invariable dish of boiled rice. Even lizards found dead are esteemed a great delicacy when cooked. The Burmese exhibit decided peculiarities in their choice of comestibles. There is a small kind of beetle which fabricates balls of clay as a nidus for its progeny, about the same size as tennis balls, and buries them in ground where cattle are stalled. These balls are eagerly sought after by the Burmese for the sake of the dainty grub contained within, which they devour with uncommon relish.—*The Field.*

The Birth of an Iceberg.
The birth of a huge iceberg, a phenomenon that has been seen only once or twice by a European, and to a certain extent has remained a matter of theory, was observed by the Danish explorers on the east coast of Greenland last summer. The bergs are formed by breaking off from the perpetual ice of the unexplored interior to the coast and into the sea. The water buoys up the sea end of the glacier until it breaks by its own weight with a noise that sounds like loud thunder miles away. The commotion of the water, as the iceberg turns over and over in the effort to attain its balance, is felt to a great distance along the coast. The natives regard it as the work of evil spirits, and believe that to look upon the glacier in its throes is death. The Danish officers, when observing the breaking off of the end of the great glacier Puitsortok through their telescopes, were roughly ordered by their Esquimaux escort, usually submissive enough, to follow their example and turn their backs on the interesting scene. They had happily completed their observations, and avoided an embarrassing conflict with the crew by a seeming compliance with the order.

Only twenty-five per cent. of the 50,000 Indian children in this country are receiving any education.

THE WELCOME BACK.

Sweet is the hour that brings us home,
Where all will spring to meet us,
Where hands are striving as we come
To be the first to greet us.
When the world has spent its frowns and wrath
And care been sorely pressing,
'Tis sweet to turn from our roving path
And find a fireside blessing.
Ah, joyfully dear is the homeward track,
If we are but sure of a welcome back!

What do we reckon on a dreary way,
Though lonely and benighted,
If we know there are lips to chide our stay
And eyes that will beam love-lighted?
What is the worth of your diamond ray
To the glance that flashes pleasure—
When the words that welcome back betray
We form a heart's chief treasure?
Oh, joyfully dear is our homeward track,
If we are but sure of a welcome back!

CONQUERED.

It might be said of old Sam Sladger that his counting house was his temple, and his desk was his altar, his ledger was his Bible, and his money was his god. Next to his money he loved his only child, his daughter Julia.

One could hardly realize that Julia was his daughter, or even that she bore the unromantic name of Sladger. She was beautiful, well bred and accomplished, and was sweetly winning in manner.

Old Sam had determined that Julia should wed his friend Alderman Chozzie, who was worth a mint of money, and would be mayor at no distant day. It was an excellent match from every point of view except one—Julia's. Julia would have nothing to do with Chozzie, much less would she marry him. The matter was often debated between father and daughter, if that can be called a debate, which was all command and low voiced argument on the one side, and all tears and silent obstinacy on the other.

Had Chozzie had no favored rival in the field it is possible the poor girl might have been bullied into accepting him. But there was a rival. He was an artist. He was very poor. He was a complete failure in his profession. He was exceedingly romantic, and his name was Vandeleur de Vere. Any one must see at once that these were quite good and sufficient reasons for any young woman falling in love with him. At any rate they were quite sufficient for Julia.

At last Chozzie became too much for Julia, even though she wasn't married to him. Her life seemed all Chozzie. Her father served him up at breakfast, at dinner, and between meals. At last this incessant Chozzie diet, as it may be called, became intolerable. So Julia went out one fine morning and married Vandeleur de Vere, according to a prearranged plan.

"Now, if there was one man old Sam objected to more strongly than another, it was Vandeleur de Vere. He branded him, with fine scorn, as 'one of them good for nothing, ascetic fellows'—by which he was understood to mean the great aesthetic brotherhood in general. When, therefore, he received a letter from his daughter, putting him in possession of the state of affairs, imploring forgiveness for herself and 'darling Van,' the old man's feelings may, to use a novel phrase, be better imagined than described.

In their rooms in a back street, Mr. and Mrs. Vandeleur de Vere awaited the outraged parent's reply with a good deal of anxiety. They did not expect that he would come around all at once—that would be too much; but they did hope that he would, after his first fit of passion, accept the inevitable, and his son-in-law.

But they were soon undeceived—not quite so soon, however, as might have been supposed, for two days elapsed before a letter made its appearance, bearing on the cover the stiff, awkward writing of Samuel Sladger. When it did come, the young couple found it very brief and to the point. It was addressed to Mrs. V. de Vere, and ran as follows:

"MADAM:—Your favor of the 4th instant to hand, and contents noted. As you have made your bed, so must you and your vagabond lie. You have not broken my heart by your wicked and disgraceful conduct, but you have closed it against you forever. I am a man of my word: that you know well. I cast you off. I disown you as a daughter. I forbid you or your M. de Vere to set foot in my house under any pretense whatever, and I tell you now, once for all, that you shall never have even one penny piece, or the value of it, from me. It will be quite useless to write to me, as all your letters will be returned unopened."

SAMUEL SLADGER.
Writing to the obdurate old man under these circumstances was certainly a forlorn hope, but the young people did write—more than once, and each time the letter was returned unopened.

To do Julia and her husband justice, they bore up under their misfortunes pluckily. Van painted by the perch, rood and acre, but the pictures would not sell. By the time all Julia's trinkets had been turned into money, and actual starvation was staring the young couple in the face—for dealers and art shopkeepers wouldn't even look at poor Van's productions now—the landlady who was getting anxious about the rent, which was rapidly falling in arrears, volunteered this to Julia—very mysterious piece of advice.

"If you can't sell 'em," and she indicated the blushing canvases, "why not spout 'em?"

"I—I beg your pardon, I don't quite understand," replied Julia, looking a good deal bewildered.

The landlady, in a tone of ill concealed pity for her lodger's ignorance, explained that "spouting" the pictures meant pledging them at a pawnbroker's for whatever he could be induced to lend upon them.

Julia shrank from the idea at first, and Van was indignant when it was suggested that he should pawn his works of genius just as if they were flat irons or Sunday suits. But Julia had grown more practical of late—was beginning to come out of her shell, as the landlady said—and soon reconciled herself to the notion of obtaining small advances upon her husband's pictures.

The work of pledging them was by no means a pleasant one. Only a few pawn brokers here and there could be induced to lend anything upon Van's priceless art treasures. And those who lent anything at all lent very, very little, grumb-

ling that "pictures were a drug in the market," and suggesting that they were prepared to make really liberal advances upon any articles of solid commercial value.

In their keen struggle for life both Van and Julia became smart and artful to a degree which surprised even themselves. Van very soon got to know the sort of pictures upon which most money could be lent, and was lavish in the use of his brightest colors. But to Julia must be given the idea of Van's producing endless copies of his most popular piece—a red-cloaked maiden walking in a gamboge corn field under a brilliant ultra-marine sky. Van soon dropped into the knack of "knocking off" these masterpieces at a terrific rate. He worked upon some half-dozen at once, first putting on six brilliant skies, then calling into being six fields of waving grain, and then introducing into each the simple maiden in the exulting scarlet cloak.

For many a week did the young people live upon the proceeds of their gaudy manufacture, but there came a time when there was scarcely a pawnbroker in New York who had not his keeping one of Van's outrages upon nature. But it gradually became harder to part with them, or any picture at all, and the young people were getting terribly anxious about the future.

"Van, dear," said Julia, for the thousandth time, "we must have money somehow. I'm getting desperate. I wish, oh, how I wish I could earn some! But what can I do? I was never taught anything useful. I can play decently, it's true, and I can sing; that's one thing I can do really well. But where can I sing? I have never sung in public. I have no recommendations nor introductions. I shall never make anything by singing."

"I'm afraid you're right, darling," said her husband, gloomily, as he clicked the few half dollars remaining in his pocket. "You could never make a public appearance unless—" and here he smiled at the quaintness of the idea—"unless you make it in the public streets, like that girl we saw with a crowd round her the other night, don't you know? How delighted your amiable parent would be if he knew it. Wonder what he'd do!"

Julia was always ready to laugh at a quaint conceit, even in the midst of their poverty. But she did not laugh now. She started as Van spoke, and turned quickly away from the table. Van rose also, went to his easel, began misrepresenting nature, and in that pleasing occupation very soon forgot about old Sladger and the cantatrice of the pavement.

All that day Julia was exceedingly quiet and thoughtful.

"Van, dear," said Julia, suddenly, when they had been sitting talking for some time after tea, "I'm going out."

"All right," said Van, "I'm ready. Where do you want to go?"

"Oh, not far, there are several little things to buy. I can get them quite as well by myself. You needn't come."

"Needn't come! But I don't like your going out alone at night, dear. Beside, why should you go alone?"

"For a woman's reason. Because I want to. Now, don't be angry, Van. You must let me have my own way. I won't come to any harm I promise you." And Van gave in, of course.

But he had a fresh remembrance to make when he saw Julia wrap herself in a faded old black shawl, and put on a bonnet which had long seen not only its best but pretty nearly its worst days.

"What on earth are you putting on those wretched old things for!" he inquired. "We are poor enough, goodness knows, but you have some respectable clothes left, anyhow."

"For the sake of economy. I don't care how I look about here," and with that she hurried out.

Julia walked rapidly, looking neither to the right nor left. She feared if she proceeded slowly, or hesitated, the courage to carry out the resolution she had made might ooze away.

At last she arrived near her father's house, a handsome corner building. It was about 9 o'clock, and old Sam and his guests, for he was giving a dinner party, were in the brilliantly lighted dining-room.

Sam Sladger had changed a good deal since his daughter's departure from home. He looked aged and haggard. He missed her sorely, and yearned to have her back with him; but he had stuck stubbornly to his determination to have nothing further to do with her.

He had found, too, to his bitter annoyance, that the opinion of nearly all his friends was that he had treated his daughter with undue harshness and severity, not to say actual cruelty. He feared that Vandeleur might be driven by poverty to resort to any shady means of getting a living that might present themselves, and he was filled with a vague terror that he might thereby find himself—the respected Sladger—involved indirectly in some scandal brought about by his son-in-law.

The old man then was not happy. But on this particular evening he was less unhappy than he had been for a considerable time, for among the guests was one of the "nobs" he worshipped.

"Well, as I was saying," remarked the aristocratic gentleman, continuing a conversation, "there was quite a scene, Regular excitement; everybody upset. I don't say there was anybody in particular to blame. But a scene is a thing I really cannot stand; and so I've never been to the house since."

There was a murmur of applause at this very spirited and aristocratic way of treating the affair, which had hardly died away when Sladger's face suddenly became ashy pale.

He listened with feverish eagerness, for it was something he had heard which had caused the blood quickly to leave his cheeks. Yes, there was no mistake. Tremulous and low at first, but growing louder and clearer now, a woman's voice singing a simple ballad could be heard.

There was nothing much in that to other hearers, but there was a good deal in it to old Sladger. It was his daughter's voice. Surely he could not be mistaken. Making some trivial excuse for going to the window, he raised the curtains and looked out. There before his very doorstep, was a small crowd; one of those crowds which spring up in New York as if by magic; and in the center of it was a young woman wrapped in a faded, old black shawl, with a patched and shriveled bonnet on her head. In spite of this it was clear from

her general appearance and the timidity of her manner that she was not a woman accustomed to get her living by singing in the streets. Some in the crowd were sympathetic, others were misanthropic, and others again, merely looked on and listened, and wondered vaguely.

Old Sam knew her in a moment. He had not mistaken the voice. It was his daughter he saw before him. He looked out at her for some moments, unable to decide how to act. He must not have a scene, and he must have his daughter. He cursed himself for having held out so long. This sort of thing must be put a stop to, at all hazards. His daughter singing in the streets! It would certainly come to be known and talked about. The scandal would be too great.

Leaving the dining-room with as composed an air as he could assume under the circumstances, he went quietly to the hall door, opened it and passed out. As he did so the song came to an end. Stepping up to his daughter who looked at him with steady eyes, he said aloud:

"Very well done, young woman—very well done! You must be tired. Come in and take a little refreshment!" And then, in a tone that reached only her ears, "For heaven's sake, Julia, come into the house and stop this horrible masquerading! You'll disgrace me forever! Don't hesitate or make a scene. I wouldn't have a scene here for anything. I'll take all back I wrote you. I dare say your husband's a very good fellow—in his way. I'll make friends with him too. You shan't want for money, either of you." And so saying, the old man drew her into the house.

What passed between father and daughter then, is, perhaps, hardly worth relating, but a reconciliation must have been effected, for the young couple and the old man are now on the friendliest terms.

Strange to relate, Sam has come to be fond of his son-in-law, for Vandeleur has made a name as the founder of a new school of art, by his friends and admirers called the Mystic, and by his detractors called the Moonstruck, and which, whatever its claims to consideration, is talked and written about a great deal, and that is the main thing, after all.

Julia says she has no secrets from her husband, but, all the same, Vandeleur has never learned what became of his wife when she donned the old bonnet and shawl, or how it was that Sam Sladger's heart warmed so suddenly to his runaway daughter and her husband.

A Tall Snow Plow.

Engine No. 912, of the Union Pacific road is being fitted up with one of the largest and most effective snow plows in the country. The plow weighs four tons, is twelve feet wide and sixteen feet high at the wings, and can throw snow forty feet on either side of the track. This gigantic snow shovel is balanced on the front of the pilot platform, being securely braced by bars running along the frame behind the cylinders, and bolted to uprights reaching to the back of the plow. The shear or edge is some eight feet beyond the pilot platform, and just escapes the rail. This plow is shod heavily with iron. The engine's balloon stack is replaced by an open straight stack, as it was found by last winter's experience that a balloon-stacked engine stood a poor show behind plow killed thirty-six head of cattle a snow plow in a heavy drift. This last winter in a cut where they had wandered and were shut in by drifts.

The engineer and fireman behind that machine do not find life so rosy as it might be. The engineer cannot see ahead, so he goes it blind, and as 912 weighs forty-five tons, when she strikes a drift, if there are any cattle or Chinamen around, they are sent flying six ways for Sunday, as the expression is. And the beauty of it is they never know what hurts them. Both runner and fireman generally get wet, and may be out two days in that shape before getting any rest. Railroad men don't view any prospect of taking 912 with favor.—*Denver Tribune.*

Japan Village Shops.

Japanese villages are full of shops. There is scarcely a house which does not sell something. Where the buyers come from, and how a profit can be made is a mystery. Many of the things are eatables, such as dried fishes, one and a half inches long, impaled on sticks; cakes, sweetmeats composed of rice, flour, and very little sugar; circular buns of rice dough, called mochi; roots boiled in brine; a white jelly made from beans; and ropes, straw shoes for men and horses, straw cloaks, paper umbrellas, paper waterproofs, toothpicks, paper mouchoirs, tobacco pipes, hairpins, and numerous other trifles made of bamboo, straw, grass and wood. These goods are on stands, and in the room behind, open to the street, all the domestic avocations are going on, and the housewife is usually to be seen boiling water or sewing, with a baby tucked in the back of her dress. A lucifer factory has recently been put up in one place, and in many house fronts men are cutting up wood into lengths for matches. In others they are husking rice, a very laborious process, in which the grain is pounded in a mortar sunk in the floor by a flat-ended wooden pestle, attached to a long horizontal lever, which is worked by the feet of a man, invariably naked, who stands at the other extremity.

Chinese Secret Signals.

The Chinese wood sawyers have a sort of sign language of their own, in which the signs are made with sticks of cordwood. When a Chinaman has taken a contract to saw a pile of wood he places several sticks on the top of the pile in a peculiar position, which informs all other Chinamen that the contract has been let, and thus the owner of the wood is kept free from the annoyance of having a dozen Chinamen a day ringing his bell and asking for a job. Should the wood pile belong to a man who is not good pay, several sticks of the wood are arranged by some Chinaman who has been victimized by the party, in such a manner that no other Chinaman will ask for the job of sawing it. Any one who has had a pile of wood lying in front of his premises for several days without some Chinaman applying for the job of sawing it may know that he is down in the black list, and will just pitch in and saw his wood himself.—*Portland Oregonian.*

LOVE'S APPEAL.

If I should listen, listen, love,
With longing ear, in time of leisure,
Unto a redbreast's song above,
Feeling a thrill at every measure,
'Twould be ingratitude, my love,
If, when the song had ceased above,
I took the life that gave me pleasure.

But if, when it had died away,
And I had listened, listened, love,
'Twere only just if I to pay
The redbreast that had made me gay
Should build for it a nest above.

Thou, thou has listened, listened, dear,
With strange delight, in time of leisure,
Unto a love song wondrous clear,
And smiled and blushed at every measure,
Now, 'twere ingratitude, my dear,
When old does seem the song you hear,
To wound the heart that gave you pleasure.

But, dear, when it has thrilled its best,
And thou hast listened yearningly,
'Twere only just within thy breast
To rear for it a gentle nest
And soothe the love that sung for thee.
—Edward A. Fuller, in Boston Transcript.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

There is a great deal of Balkan among the war horses of the East.

A roadbed is for the convenience of wheels when they are tired.—*Picayune.*

A proverb says—Hunger is the best cook. That may be so, but hunger hasn't anything to cook.—*Sifting.*

A New York tailor says every man should have five overcoats. Not a bad idea—from the tailor's standpoint.—*Chicago Ledger.*

An exchange tells "How to boil onions." What we want is a recipe for boiling the man who eats them.—*Burlington Free Press.*

"I'll drop your acquaintance," remarked the big man as he held one robber by the throat while he knocked down the other one.—*Merchant-Traveler.*

Oscar Wilde declares that he can see angels where other men see only flesh and blood. A slaughterhouse must look like heaven to him, then.—*Lowell Citizen.*

Prisoner (desirous of flattering the court):—"I think there is a fine expression in your honor's face." Judge (urbanely):—"So there is, and the fine is \$10 and costs."—*Boston Courier.*

SHAKESPEARE SLIGHTLY ALTERED.
"He never spoke a word;
Cut with a look of deepest melancholy
He sat, like Patience on an ottoman,
Waiting for his wife to put her bonnet on."
—Lynn Item.

A California man has a defect in his eyes which causes him to see every object multiplied nineteen times. He would be a treasure in a thousand ways. What a man to take the Chicago census.—*Philadelphia Call.*

"I have such an indulgent husband," said little Mrs. Doll. "Yes, so George says," responded Mrs. Spiteful, quietly, "sometimes he indulges too much, doesn't he?" They no longer speak to each other.—*Rambler.*

EPITAPH ON AN HONEST MAN.
Here 'mong the dead his body's laid,
But his soul is in heaven as a dweller;
For this man never failed, while he lived, it is said,
To return a borrowed umbrella.
—Boston Courier.

A South Carolina woman rode twenty-five miles through a drenching rain to marry the man she loved. Seems as though a man would be rather shy about marrying a woman with so much energy as that.—*Burlington Free Press.*

Ethel—"Mamma, I think Frank means business." Mamma—"Why, what a way to talk, child! But tell me what makes you think so?" Ethel—"He gave me a pair of sleeve buttons last night and they were linked."—*Kentucky State Journal.*

He asked, "Why is that look of pain Upon thy lovely face?
Why on that brow hath agony Set its corroding trace?
Ah! tell me, dear, why misery Thy sinless soul doth blight?"
"Oh, darling," she replied, "because My new boots are so tight."
—Boston Gazette.

A boy who bought a quart of New Orleans molasses at a Cincinnati grocery store the other day found a diamond ring worth \$200 in the stuff. Grocery clerks should have their rings made to fit tighter—somebody will get choked on a cluster ring yet.—*Milwaukee Sentinel.*

Cuban Justice.

I will briefly relate an example of the ways of justice in a quiet action for debt in a civil court. A man known to me bought of a certain tailor about five hundred dollars' worth of mourning clothes, and failed to pay the bill. Continually failing to do so until the process had become monotonous, the man of the scissors finally cited him. Defendant went into court and made the following showing: That at the time the said tailor's action was brought he, the said defendant, was about completing the purchase of a valuable property, and the transaction would have resulted in his great pecuniary benefit. But the terms of the sale contemplated a deferred payment by the said defendant, and the party selling, hearing of the action of the tailor against this defendant, had declined to negotiate further, fearing that, if he could not pay his tailor, there was small chance of his making good his agreement in the much greater sum of a payment on real estate.

Therefore, this defendant and man of mourning says he is not only justified in not paying the said tailor and plaintiff for the clothes, but is entitled to damages against him for spoiling a profitable transaction. Result: the tailor lost his \$500, and was mulcted in damages to said defendant \$2,000.

Since this case came to my knowledge I have distinctly understood that there is no such maxim in Spanish law as that "a man cannot take advantage of his own wrong." Such are some of the incidents of the course of justice in the island of Cuba. I only add that all the intelligent natives with whom I have conversed with regard to the case last mentioned seem to regard the finding of the court as very reasonable, just and wise.—*Cuban Sketches.*

Some men never get fighting mad. They draw the line at a safe place.

FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD.

Rotation of Crops.

By practicing a proper rotation of crops and returning to the soil all the manure made from feeding the fodder and the littering with the straw a farm may be kept increasing in fertility. The soil is really inexhaustible of its mineral matter, and as long as there is decaying organic matter in it some considerable nitrogen is gained from the atmosphere. The longer the rotation the better and more effective in this way it is. An excellent rotation, which furnishes feeding and selling crops in abundance, is first clover and grass for hay and then pasture; corn on the turned sod; beans to follow the corn; wheat to follow the beans, and clover sown with the wheat; one year clover; oats on the clover sod; roots on the oat stubble; then potatoes, and wheat following the potatoes, with clover and grass following and finishing the rotation. This requires ten fields and gives plenty of straw, hay and roots for feeding cattle.

Plant Food.

No animal manure contains any value except what goes into the animal as food. The manure value of a ton of clover hay is placed at about \$9; of roots, eighty cents; cotton seed meal and linseed meal, about \$30. But as roots can often be bought very low, at \$6 or \$7 per ton, and cows may eat a bushel or more per day, the manure made in a day may be of nearly equal value whichever food is given.

A wood ashes, unleached, are a complete plant food, they are often undervalued, yet, compared to other potash compounds, they are worth, for their potash, only fourteen or fifteen cents per bushel.

Neither plaster, salt nor lime can be called manure, as they contain neither of the three elements we need buy. They may help develop a plant that is already in the soil. If they were plant food continued application would enrich the lawn, which every one knows they do not. Humus is not plant food, but it helps the land to hold plant food. Stable manure is valuable for the small amount of plant food contained in it, but the microscope can hardly detect it, the proportion is so small compared to the inert portions.

Use for Old Fruit Cans.

Probably no other waste articles have given so much trouble in disposing of them, as fruit cans. They are known to be valuable, but to what good use to turn them, has been a problem which has disturbed many minds. They are hard to get rid of, and hard to use, and so there have been many devices thought of for the purpose of utilizing them. We have seen them used as a substitute for shingles, by having been unsoldered in the fire and flattened out, and they have certainly made an excellent roof for out-houses, pig-pens and other small buildings. A coat of mineral paint makes them last for many years. A reader of the *American Agriculturist* suggests another plan for a few of them, which is to open them on one side and make a flap of the loose tin by which the cans may be hung upon nails in the barn or workshop, for holding small things, as nails, screws, etc., etc. To this we would add that a few of them thus prepared might be hung around the chicken yards for feed and water troughs, and would be excellent for this purpose, because the fowls could not put their feet in the food, or foul the water. This device is really one of the most promising of all that have hitherto been proposed to utilize these tantalizing things. No doubt they could be turned to account in several ways in the house, and if neatly covered with gold or silver paper, would be ornamental as well as useful. Smooth the edges of the tin, in order to avoid cutting the hands.—*Agriculturist*.

Salt for Stock.

Stock should always receive a regular allowance of salt, although the horses, cattle and sheep kept near the seashore do not need so much as those kept in the interior, as the ocean breezes are impregnated with it. Salt operates upon stock to their healthfulness, by loosening the order of digestion at times when their food is not of that nature, by helping to effect the purification of their blood, thus, perhaps, alleviating some internal or external disease, by strengthening and invigorating the whole nervous and general system. When given to milch cows it adds to the properties of their milk, either for butter or cheese.

Sheep are greatly benefited after a cold storm or a drenching shower by giving them some salt, which revives their drooping spirits and gives them energy, by adding strength to their nervous and general system. Sometimes on very cold mornings, young lambs are found so chilled and benumbed with the cold that they cannot stand, and apparently are quite lifeless, when by putting a spoonful of salt in their mouths and leaving them, they would, in the course of one hour, find them so revived that often times they could not catch them. Those who raise sheep can try this experiment and they will see the good effects of salt. Sheep should have one gill of salt per head a week, in fair weather, and should always be salted after a storm or drenching shower. If our wool growers would salt often and freely after shearing, their sheep would bear the change with a better degree of health and strength, particularly if very cold weather followed.—*Cultivator*.

The Horse's Mouth.

Aphthae, or thrush, a disease of the mouth, is very common among young horses. It consists of small red patches and vesicles on the side of the cheeks; also on the tongue. The mouth is hot and feverish, and the animal will frequently allow the food to fall out of it from inability to masticate. The principal means to be employed are a paste made from equal parts of honey and powdered bayberry bark, or borax, the parts to be applied every night. To promote healthy action and purify the blood, give one ounce of flour of sulphur, two ounces of powdered golden seal, and one ounce of powdered sassafras, mix and divided into four parts, mixing one part in scalded shorts every night. This treatment applies to all classes of stock.

There is no doubt that a colt sometimes suffers considerable pain in teeth-

ing, in consequence of the resistance which the teeth encounter from unyielding gums. The pain does not arise, as some suppose, from the point of the tooth pressing upward against the gum, but from the downward pressure—the roots of the tooth compressing the dental nerve—consisting in local irritation, which, if not relieved, deranges a part or the whole of the nervous system. The remedy is a sharp gum lancet. Make an incision right down to the point of the tooth, and the animal generally experiences relief. If he labor under sympathetic fever, appear irritable and nervous, give him a drachm of asafoetida, in thin gruel; keep the bowels soluble, and let the diet be light.

Owing to the unequal wear of some horses' teeth, their edges project and become sharp; they are then apt to irritate and wound the mucous membrane on the inside of the cheek. In such cases an increased flow of saliva, imperfect mastication and loss of flesh will be noticed. The remedy is a mouth rasp. Bishoping consists in making artificial marks in horses' teeth to give them the appearance of youth. It is a species of imposition so reprehensible that all honest horse-dealers have set their faces against it. "It is called 'Bishoping,' from the name of the scoundrel who invented it. The horse of eight or nine years old is cast, and, with an engraver's tool, a hole is dug in the now almost smooth surface of the corner teeth, and in shape and depth resembling the mark in a seven-year-old horse. The hole is then burnt with a heated iron, and a permanent black stain is left; the next pair of nippers are sometimes touched to imitate the brown color of the natural mark. However dexterously the operation may be performed, the fraud is easily discovered by those who are in the habit of examining teeth. If the horse is aged, it may be known by the general appearance, such as gray hairs, sunken eyes, deep hollows above them. The bones are prominent, lips flabby, and the nippers of the lower jaw, instead of appearing angular, approach to the animal advances in years, to the horizontal.—*Philadelphia Record*.

Household Hints and Recipes.

If matting, counterpanes, or bedspreads have oil spots upon them, wet with alcohol, rub with hard soap, and then rinse with clear, cold water.

It is said that canned berries retain their flavor, and keep better when a buttered cloth is laid over the top of the jar before screwing down the cover.

A small barrel is a capital receptacle for soiled linen instead of a hamper. Have it well cleaned and lined with chintz, the outside should be either painted or covered with Turkey red embroidered with sprays; the lid must be covered or painted to correspond.

To make steamed pudding, take two eggs, one cup of sour milk, half a teaspoon of soda, a little salt and one cup of fruit. Beat the eggs and the sugar together, dissolve the soda in the milk; stir in the flour rather thicker than for cake. Steam an hour and a half.

To make eggs froth quickly when beating them, add a small pinch of salt; and it will freshen them, too. To cut warm bread or cake have your knife quite hot. Mix your stove blacking with soapuds; the polish comes quickly and the dust of the blacking is avoided.

Beef fritters are nice for breakfast. Chop pieces of steak or cold roast beef very fine; make a batter of flour, milk and an egg and mix the meat with it; put a lump of butter into a saucepan, let it melt, then drop the butter into it from a large spoon; fry until brown; season with pepper and salt and a little parsley.

A young goose, not more than four months old, is nice cooked in this way: After dressing and singeing it carefully, sprinkle pepper and salt and a little sage in the inside; put a lump of butter in also; to moisten it; then put in a pan, and then in the oven; baste it frequently with water in which you have put some butter and pepper and salt. Serve with nice brown gravy and with gooseberry jam or apple butter; cover the batter with thin slices of buttered toast moistened with the drippings in the pan, then lay the goose upon it. Goose is usually better to be parboiled or steamed before baking, and this process extracts the oil. The usual poultry dressing and sauce may be served with it.

To clean black silk, it must be thoroughly brushed and wiped with a cloth, then laid flat on a board or table and well sponged with hot coffee, thoroughly freed from sediment by being strained through muslin. The silk is sponged on the side intended to show, it is allowed to become partially dry, and then ironed on the wrong side. The coffee removes every particle of grease and restores the brilliancy of silk without imparting to it either the shiny appearance or crackly and papery stiffness obtained by beer, or indeed, any other liquid. The silk really appears thickened by the process, and this good effect is permanent. Our readers who will experiment on an apron or cravat will never again try any other method.—*Farmer and Manufacturer*.

A Champion Corn Husker.

Bennett Bell, of Cass county, claims to be the champion corn husker of the State. In challenging the world he says he has put in the crib five loads of corn, each load containing twenty-five bushels, and one load of fifteen bushels—making 140 bushels. He did this between breakfast and supper. The corn was measured in the wagon by getting the contents in cubic feet and taking four-tenths of it for the bushel. One hundred and twenty-four ears of the corn weighed seventy-five pounds, or one bushel, and the total number of ears husked was estimated at 17,000.—*Omaha Bee*.

Cause of Her Unhappiness.

She has sunny, golden hair, She is exquisitely fair, And her eyes of blue are gorgeous in their lustre: While her lips are ruby bright, And her teeth are pearly white; And in fact she, as a beauty, is a buster. But, despite her charms so rare, And her fascinating air, And the knowledge that of them: all men are talking, She is in no pleasure finds, For the frosty winter winds, Tint her lovely nose with red, when she goes walking.—*Boston Courier*.

SELECT SIFTINGS.

Birds are said to leave the vicinity where cholera prevails.

A novelty at Cumberland, Md., is a goose that crows like a rooster.

The pistol was invented in Pistola, in Tuscany, by Camillo Vitelli, in the sixteenth century.

A man has been discovered in England, who during the greater part of his forty-two years, has of choice lived in a dark loft over a school upon food purloined from the establishment.

There was an old notion that the serpent caused death without pain, a popular fancy which Shakespeare has introduced into his "Antony and Cleopatra."

Hast thou the pretty worm of Nilus there, That kills and pains not?

Platinum wire can be drawn so fine that it is no longer visible to the "naked" eye, and can only be felt. It can be seen with a magnifying glass when the wire is held against white paper. It is used in telescopes and similar instruments.

A good fat sheep was grazing in a field near Mount Pleasant, Penn., when a big bald eagle swooped down upon it like a lightning bolt. It buried its talons so deep in the sheep's back that it could not release itself, and the sheep ran home, when the immense bird was captured.

The painting of Egypt existed unchanged for a period of more than 2,000 years, with a stability unequalled in the other civilizations of the world. It was, perhaps, not quite so extensively employed in the ancient kingdom as in the later times; paintings can be dated as far back as the third dynasty (3,818 to 3,124 B. C., according to Lepsius), but they were restricted to interior decoration. The walls of the pyramids were adorned by color.

A person struck by lightning does not know it, the fluid being much quicker than thought. The nerves which convey pain are rather slow in their power to convey information. Stick a pin in the tail of an elephant and quite a perceptible interval occurs before the noble animal gives his opinion of the man or boy at the end of the nervous system on trial. Lightning does its work before the victim knows anything. Two men were struck while taking refuge under a tree. Both were carried into the house, and laid out for dead. One of the men revived, and after weeks of suffering and infirmity, he got out again, and is still living. He said that he knew no more about having been struck by lightning than he was conscious of having lived before the flood. It was all news to him when told of the fact.

HEALTH HINTS.

Nurses in a sick room should not sit or stand too near the patient, and above all things they should avoid talking when leaning over a sick person.

FRICKLE CURE.—Take two ounces of lemon juice, or half a drachm of powdered borax, and one drachm of sugar; mix together and let them stand in a glass bottle for a few days, then rub on the face occasionally.

Few people know how to apply a mustard plaster so as not to blister the skin. If the mustard be mixed with the white of an egg, instead of water, the plaster will draw thoroughly without blistering the most delicate skin.

At a recent meeting of the New York Odontological society, Dr. E. Parry Brown said: "I will venture the assertion that the excessive use of common salt is one of the main factors in the destruction of human teeth to day."

Writers in the London *Lancet* call attention to the great value of hot water applications to the head in cases of fainting or syncope. They say also that a prompt use of it, applied to the forehead with cloths, will very often avert such attacks.

A Peculiar People.

"The nest for godly people," says the Odessa correspondent of the London *Times*, "is the title of a Russian religious sect which has come into existence during the last fifteen years. Its headquarters appear to be at the historic fortress town of Bender, in the neighboring government of Bessarabia, and its strange name is due to the fact that its members—all of the peasant class—dig a grave in the floor (which is of dried earth) of their habitations, or else in their gardens, and lie therein until overcome by hunger, in order, as they say, to commune with God, to confess to Him their sins and examine their past life. To enable them the better to do this the grave is covered with a wooden, box-like lid or canopy, having a door in it for ingress and egress; so that they lie in the grave as in a coffin, and were it not for small apertures in the top part of it they would run the risk of being suffocated. When the grave or 'nest' is in the garden it is as thickly surrounded with bushes for the sake of greater privacy, and guarded by a savage watchdog to prevent curious or importunate people coming near it. These sectarians pretend that in their ecstatic moments, and when suffering extreme hunger, they see saints and devils, and some of them are subject to hallucinations. Another peculiarity of the members of this sect is that they hold as little conversation as possible with other people, or in fact with each other; so that the kind of life which they endeavor to lead is akin to that of uncivilized monks."

The Bee Hive.

Observe these busy little bees a laying up their honey and try to be as wise as those by saving all your money. You smoke, say five cigars away and drink, say six times daily: cards, pool and billiards, too, you play and treat the fellows gayly. In twenty years this fun will cost, according to good scholars, with interest and time, that's lost just \$20,000. But if you count your loss of health and self-indulgence, you'll find this foolish waste of wealth will figure more than double. Then, when it's time no more to slave but pleasure take, so sick you will feel because you didn't save you'll want some one to kick you. So imitate these busy bees and all your pennies treasure and then when older take you ease with forty years of pleasure.—*H. C. Dodge, in Goodall's Sun*.

QUEER WEDDING CUSTOMS.

PHASES OF MARRIAGE IN DIFFERENT LANDS.

The Australian who Woes his Bride with a Club—The Asiatic who Buys Her, Steals Her, and Fights.

"In Australia the native lover woos his sweetheart with a club, in some parts of Asia he has to buy her of her parents, in others he has to steal her," says Myers Deley, an Englishman who has traveled in almost every land, especially in the out-of-way places, and who recently arrived in New York from China. "The Australian, when he would wed, makes up his mind as to which woman shall be his bride, and then hides in the bushes in the vicinity of her dwelling place. It is not necessary for her to know that there is a lover looking for her, especially with a stout cudgel, or may be she wouldn't be won as frequently as she is. As soon as she comes near where the anxious swain lies hidden, and if she is alone, he pounces out upon her, promptly and effectually knocking her down with the club, and carries her off before she comes to. If he does not get her to his hut before she recovers, there is likely to be a lively fight in the bush, for the Australian damsel is generally a vigorous one, and she may have reasons of her own for objecting to the lover's efforts to win her. The would-be bridegroom may then be obliged to club her again, and as this is considered to be rather a reflection on the ardor with which his earlier effort was made, he generally puts as much soul and muscle into his first love tap as he can summon.

When a resident of the cape, or Kaffir land, yearns for a life partner, he has an interview with the father of the lady. If the old gentleman thinks well of the youth, and that he would do honor to him as a son-in-law, he says: "Well, can you give me two hundred cattle for my daughter?" "That is, it may be two hundred or it may be more or less, just as the old man values his daughter or appraises the stock owning or getting capacity of the prospective son-in-law. If the young Kaffir is determined to wed the maiden whose hand he seeks, he will always reply that he can fill the bill as to cattle, no matter if he hasn't enough on hand to make a good sized dish of hash, and never expects to have. He'll fix that. There are plenty of Kaffirs who have cattle galore, and he gathers together a few congenial friends, and they stroll over to some convenient kraal of a neighboring tribe, and walks away with the requisite number of cattle to make the bridegroom happy. Of course the owner of the cattle usually raises very strong objections to this exchange of property, and there may be a number of woolly heads broken before the expectant bridegroom secures the herd. If he gets them all right to his kraal, that settles the matter. The man that lost them knows that other tribes have cattle, and that he may want to marry somebody himself without having the necessary stock on hand to win the bride. Then he will forage on his neighbor in the same way. Thus is Hyman's torch kept lighted in Kaffir land.

"In some parts of Central Asia the bridegroom has a tough time in getting and keeping possession of his bride. In the first place, he has to steal her, and if she don't object to being stolen the couple may get to the wedding place with whole skins, for if she don't object she is not compelled to give any alarm, and the whole village will not be at their heels unless they are discovered by accident while making off. If she gives an alarm the bride stealer must make his way hindered by the struggling damsel and followed by a crowd of yelling neighbors. The wedding place is the hut of the young man's parents. And there he must take his bride before he can claim the right to her hand. If she has not lungs enough to summon rescuers nor muscle enough to get away from the lover before the hut is reached then she can make no further protest against the marriage. The bridegroom can't claim a bride until he has a hut of his own to take her to, and in taking her from her father's house to his own he has another gauntlet to run. The bride's friends, whether she be a willing bride or not, have the right to assemble and attempt to rescue her while she is en route. The bridegroom throws his bride across his back. She is always covered with a scarlet garment. He is surrounded by a number of youths living in the village, and all the bride's young lady friends in her village, armed with stones and clubs, batter and pelt the bridal procession and fill the air with scolding yells in their efforts to keep the bride among them. The battle is waged in earnest, and both bride and groom are always covered with blood and bruises, even if they succeed in reaching the boundary line of safety. This they usually effect. If a bridegroom fails to get away with his bride he is compelled to pay a ransom in cattle or other gifts to her parents before she will be delivered up to him.

"In other places in Asia the question of a man's title to a bride must be settled by a fierce fight between the friends of the contracting parties. If the bridegroom's friends are victorious, he has his inamorata as a trophy. If his friends are victorious, he must pay such price as the victors demand. All over that country some ceremony of violence or physical powers must precede a wedding. In certain districts there must be a wedding match between the bride and groom. If the man wins, the woman must surrender herself to him. If she wins, she has the option of accepting him or not. Some native tribes compel a foot race between the bride and bridegroom to decide the question of marriage, and others require a long chase on horseback.

"They have interesting marriage ceremonies in Norway and Sweden. The custom among the Swedish peasants is exceedingly droll. When a girl is to be married in Sweden she is dressed in her bridal garments, and is placed in the middle of a room. As she stands she is surrounded by a circle of bright lights. The groomsmen then enter, each carrying a lighted lamp. The villagers have assembled about the cottage in the mean time, and the doors and windows are thrown open. Through them whoever wishes may enter, and the most liberal criticisms of the bride are made. Men and women walk about her and talk freely to one another about her appearance, her character, her prospects, etc. One will hear some young fellow say: "Well, she's to be married at last, eh? About time, I think. It's the first offer she has had since I jilted her."

"Yes, 'some one else will say, 'and I pity the man who marries her.' " "But don't she look o.d. though," another spectator will say; "and won't she make this poor fellow stand around?" "Women wearing masks and different disguises will always be present for the purpose of making remarks both pointed and insulting, but everything is borne patiently and in good part by the bride and groom. The chaffing is kept up for an hour or two, every one but the friends of the parties are ordered to quit the house, and the ceremony is performed."—*New York Sun*.

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SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

Attention is called by the *Coal Trade Journal* to the fact that the value of water as an aid to blasting, when used in connection with explosives, is rapidly becoming recognized in this country, as well as in the larger mines and quarries of Europe.

On a clear night, about 8,000 stars are visible to the naked eye. A like number in the opposite hemisphere makes a total of about 6,000 that can be seen without a glass. The telescopic stars, unseen by the unaided eye on account of their remoteness, are classified as high as the fourteenth magnitude; and their number is vastly greater, being reckoned as high as 20,000,000.

Imitation black walnut can now be manufactured very cheaply. One part of walnut peel extract is mixed with six parts of water, and the wood is coated with the solution. When the material is about half dry a solution of bichromate of potash with water is rubbed on it, and then your walnut is ready. In this way excellent walnut can be made from poor pine, and it is said to defy detection except upon very close examination.

The Mobangi, a large and important tributary of the Congo, and probably the lower portion of the River Velle, has been explored by Rev. G. Grenfell in his little steamer Peace from the Congo in a mean direction of north by east for a distance of between four hundred and four hundred and fifty miles, including the turnings of the stream. It is navigable for vessels of considerable size, and its mean depth is stated to be twenty-five feet.

The icebergs of the Southern ocean are magnificently colored. The general mass has an appearance like a sugarloaf, with a slight bluish tint, except where fresh snow resting on the tops and ledges remains absolutely white. On this ground-color there are parallel streaks of cobalt blue of various intensities. The coloring of the crevasses, caves and hollows is of the deepest and purest azure blue possible. It seems a much more powerful color than that in the ice of Swiss glaciers. The intensity of the blue light received from the bergs is such that the gray sky behind them appears distinctly reddened—assuming the complementary tint. At night the bergs have a slight luminous glow, suggesting that they are to a small extent phosphorescent.

The Treasury Waste Paper Room.

Down in the basement of the treasury department, at Washington, is a room in which about a dozen girls sit and sort over the waste paper which has accumulated from the work of the day before by the 2,500 clerks in the room above. All of the waste paper of the department is transferred to this room by the sweepers at the close of each day. Then the girls go over it carefully, piece by piece, and they frequently make very valuable discoveries. Not long ago \$10,000 worth of bonds were found in a waste basket in the office of the comptroller of the currency, and there was a great howl about it at the time, but in the end nobody was punished for the gross carelessness; but such large sums as this seldom find their way into the sorting room. The principal discoveries are penholders and stationery which has been accidentally dropped into waste baskets. Sometimes a valuable document disappears in an unaccountable manner from the files of the department. The rooms are ransacked, and every one connected in the division becomes well nigh crazy. As a last resort the waste paper room is appealed to. In nine cases out of ten, if the paper has been disposed of in that way, the girls will find it. They have become remarkably expert in sorting over this rubbish. A girl will take a mass of it in her hands, and in less than the time it takes to tell it, her sharp eyes will have seen all the different pieces, and if there is even a scrap that looks though it might be valuable, it is carefully laid aside for further examination. Experience has convinced the treasury officials that these girls annually save many times their salaries to the government. The sale of waste paper is one of considerable importance, and the revenue each year is, in the course of business, turned back into the treasury, where it properly belongs.

A Sorehead.

Beneath thy lattice, beautiful maid, Maid of the starry eyes; Ere he begins his serenade Thy faithful lover sighs.

Fair Dian shows her silvery light; The crescent moon unbars, And I will touch for thee to-night, Sweet love, the light guitar.

I'd sing besides, but ask me not, My own, my guiding star, The night, at least, for I have got A touch of light catarrh.—*Boston Courier*.

A BIRD FANCIER'S STORY.

TELLING HOW CANARY BIRDS ARE TAUGHT TO SING.

And then Narrating a Romantic Incident of a Canary Bird that He Deems Priceless.

"It is very hard to make a canary bird sing a tune," said an uptown bird fancier to an inquisitive amateur ornithologist. "Very hard, indeed, and I have only one tune-slaging bird in my shop. It takes a year or so of hard work to train a bird to this state of musical perfection. In Germany, where most of our canary birds come from, there are families that do nothing else for a livelihood except train birds in this accomplishment. It is done in this way: They always have one bird that can sing a tune, and he is shut up in a dark room with a young bird that has already shown some ability as a singer. After a while the young bird begins to imitate the other, and in the course of a couple of months he can sing the tune very well. Then he is taken away from his teacher, and a music box that plays the same tune is put into the room, and the old bird is transferred to another room, where he teaches the same lesson to another young bird. Only one bird can be taught at a time, and, as very often the young bird is unable to learn a tune at all, you can form some idea of the difficulties in the way of the work. Of course this makes the birds very expensive. An ordinary canary bird sells for \$3, and some bring \$5, while a bird that sings a tune readily commands \$60 to \$500, according to the extent and merits of its accomplishments. I have known of a canary that could sing three tunes, but such birds are very rare indeed. I never heard of another. That one belongs to the King of Bavaria.

"I own a singing bird that can't be got from me with money," said the dealer, as he turned to a cage behind him. "He only sings one tune, but I can tell you a remarkable story about him. My daughter trained him herself when we lived in Germany six years ago. She trained him to sing a song of her own improvisation. Of course it is much harder for a person to train a bird than for another bird to be the teacher, and it took her nearly six months before the little fellow could sing it through without making a mistake."

Here the bird fancier whistled a few bars of a melody which the bird took up and finished without a break. "Well," continued the dealer, "at about that time I concluded to come to America, and leaving my daughter behind me—I was a widower—I sailed for New York. Soon after landing I opened a store in Harlem and sent for my daughter. By some mishap I failed to meet her, and the most careful inquiries threw no light on her whereabouts. I knew she had sailed, but I couldn't learn the name of the steamer or anything about her. At last, after searching for her until I had spent almost all the money I had, I gave up in despair. One day I was walking down Mulberry street, when I heard a street boy whistling this very air you have just heard the bird sing. I stopped him, and inquired where he had heard it. He said that a young woman in the same tenement houses where he lived had a bird that sang it. Need I say more? I had him lead me there at once, and soon discovered that the owner of the bird was my lost daughter. She was miserably poor, and was making her living scrubbing offices. She had come on another steamer than the one I had intended her to take, and having lost my address had not been able to trace me any better than I had her."—*New York Sun*.

A Romance of the Ball Field.

The marriage of Williamson, the professional third baseman of the Chicago nine, says the *Chicago News*, was a very romantic and happy one. His wife was a beautiful New Orleans girl of good extraction. The Chicago club was playing an exhibition game in that city, and Flint, the catcher, and his wife accidentally met the young lady at her hotel. Mrs. Flint invited her to witness the game. She had never seen one, and knew nothing of and cared little for the pastime, but she consented to go if Mrs. Flint would promise her not to introduce her to any baseball people. The promise was given and the ladies attended the game. The young lady was considerably interested in the playing, and seemed to have her heart set on having the Chicago win. The champions, however, were getting worsted, and it depended on a good batsman to win the game for them. They had the final innings, and three men on bases would be left there if the striker failed. Williamson came to the bat, and the young lady unconsciously arose from her seat in her excitement.

She took in the situation, and pulling off her corsage bouquet said to Mrs. Flint, "if he brings those men in I'll throw him these flowers." Others were as excited as she. There was not a sound. Williamson was the only cool one there. He got the ball he wanted and sent it "kiting." The result was three tallies by the other men and a home run straight into the girl's heart. As he touched the momentum of his run, he came panting underneath the girl with a bouquet. She raised aloft and tossed it at his feet. He picked it up as the cheers of the spectators rent the air, and he bent low in bow to his admirer. Blushing at her own audacity, she sat down and buried her face on Mrs. Flint's shoulder. "T'night there was a reception to the club at the hotel, and she was present at the home-coming. They looked each other's eyes, and the umpire cried out, "One strike."

What Scared Him.

Oh, dainty, darling Isabelle, I loved you fondly, madly, too; How wildly I can never tell, Since I can never come to woo.

I vowed that I would love you mine, I vowed that I your love would win; But now no longer do I pine, I only think what might have been.

Your sylph-like form, your lovely face, With passion filled my woe-won heart; Made captive by your fairy grace— But now, alas! we two must part! For you and I can never mate, My passion all has fled away; Since by a hard, relentless fate, I saw you eat on Christmas day.—*Somerville Journal*.

FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD.

Rotation of Crops.

By practicing a proper rotation of crops and returning to the soil all the manure made from feeding the fodder and the littering with the straw a farm may be kept increasing in fertility. The soil is really inexhaustible of its mineral matter, and as long as there is decaying organic matter in it some considerable nitrogen is gained from the atmosphere. The longer the rotation the better and more effective in this way it is. An excellent rotation, which furnishes feeding and selling crops in abundance, is first clover and grass for hay and then pasture; corn on the turned sod; beans to follow the corn; wheat to follow the beans, and clover sown with the wheat; one year clover; oats on the clover sod; roots on the oat stubble; then potatoes, and wheat following the potatoes, with clover and grass following and finishing the rotation. This requires ten fields and gives plenty of straw, hay and roots for feeding cattle.

Plant Food.

No animal manure contains any value except what goes into the animal as food. The manurial value of a ton of clover hay is placed at about \$9; of roots, eighty cents; cotton seed meal and linseed meal, about \$30. But as roots can often be bought very low, at \$6 or \$7 per ton, and cows may eat a bushel or more per day, the manure made in a day may be of nearly equal value whichever food is given.

A wood ashes, unleached, are a complete plant food, they are often undervalued, yet, compared to other potash compounds, they are worth, for their potash, only fourteen or fifteen cents per bushel.

Neither plaster, salt nor lime can be called manure, as they contain neither of the three elements we need buy. They may help develop a plant that is already in the soil. If they were plant food continued application would enrich the lawn, which every one knows they do not. Humus is not plant food, but it helps the land to hold plant food. Stable manure is valuable for the small amount of plant food contained in it, but the microscope can hardly detect it, the proportion is so small compared to the inert portions.

Use for Old Fruit Cans.

Probably no other waste articles have given so much trouble in disposing of them, as fruit cans. They are known to be valuable, but to what good use to turn them, has been a problem which has disturbed many minds. They are hard to get rid of, and hard to use, and so there have been many devices thought of for the purpose of utilizing them. We have seen them used as a substitute for shingles, by having been unsoldered in the fire and flattened out, and they have certainly made an excellent roof for out-houses, pig-pens and other small buildings. A coat of mineral paint makes them last for many years. A reader of the *American Agriculturist* suggests another plan for a few of them, which is to open them on one side and make a flap of the loose tin by which the cans may be hung upon nails in the barn or workshop, for holding small things, as nails, screws, etc., etc. To this we would add that a few of them thus prepared might be hung around the chicken yards for feed and water troughs, and would be excellent for this purpose, because the fowls could not put their feet in the food, or foul the water. This device is really one of the most promising of all that have hitherto been proposed to utilize these tantalizing things. No doubt they could be turned to account in several ways in the house, and if neatly covered with gold or silver paper, would be ornamental as well as useful. Smooth the edges of the tin, in order to avoid cutting the hands.—*Agriculturist*.

Salt for Stock.

Stock should always receive a regular allowance of salt, although the horses, cattle and sheep kept near the seaboard do not need so much as those kept in the interior, as the ocean breezes are impregnated with it. Salt operates upon stock to their healthfulness, by loosening the order of digestion at times when their food is not of that nature, by helping to effect the purification of their blood, thus, perhaps, alleviating some internal or external disease, by strengthening and invigorating the whole nervous and general system. When given to milch cows it adds to the properties of their milk, either for butter or cheese.

Sheep are greatly benefited after a cold storm or a drenching shower by giving them some salt, which revives their drooping spirits and gives them energy, by adding strength to their nervous and general system. Sometimes on very cold mornings, young lambs are found so chilled and benumbed with the cold that they cannot stand, and apparently are quite lifeless, when by putting a spoonful of salt in their mouths and leaving them, they would, in the course of one hour, find them so revived that oftentimes they could not catch them. Those who raise sheep can try this experiment and they will see the good effects of salt. Sheep should have one gill of salt per head a week, in fair weather, and should always be salted after a storm or drenching showers. If our wool growers would salt often and freely after shearing, their sheep would bear the change with a better degree of health and strength, particularly if very cold weather followed.—*Cultivator*.

The Horse's Mouth.

Aphthæ, or thrush, a disease of the mouth, is very common among young horses. It consists of small red patches and vesicles on the side of the cheeks; also on the tongue. The mouth is hot and feverish, and the animal will frequently allow the food to fall out of it from inability to masticate. The principal means to be employed are a paste made from equal parts of honey and powdered bayberry bark, or borax, the parts to be appointed every night. To promote healthy action and purify the blood, give one ounce of flour of sulphur, two ounces of powdered golden seal, and one ounce of powdered assafoetida, mix and divide into four parts, making one part in scalded shorts every night. This treatment applies to all classes of stock.

There is no doubt that a colt sometimes suffers considerable pain in teeth.

ing, in consequence of the resistance which the teeth encounter from unyielding gums. The pain does not arise, as some suppose, from the point of the tooth pressing upward against the gum, but from the downward pressure—the roots of the tooth compressing the dental nerve—consisting in local irritation, which, if not relieved, deranges a part or the whole of the nervous system. The remedy is a sharp gum lancet. Make an incision right down to the point of the tusk or tooth, and the animal generally experiences relief. If he labor under sympathetic fever, appear irritable and nervous, give him a drachm of assafetida, in thin gruel; keep the bowels soluble, and let the diet be light.

Owing to the unequal wear of some horses' teeth, their edges project and become sharp; they are then apt to irritate and wound the mucous membrane on the inside of the cheek. In such cases an increased flow of saliva, imperfect mastication and loss of flesh will be noticed. The remedy is a mouth rasp.

Bishoping consists in making artificial marks in horses' teeth to give them the appearance of youth. It is a species of imposition so reprehensible that all honest horse-dealers have set their faces against it. "It is called 'Bishoping,'" from the name of the scoundrel who invented it. The horse of eight or nine years old is cast, and, with an engraver's tool, a hole is dug in the now almost smooth surface of the corner teeth, and in shape and depth resembling the mark in a seven-year-old horse. The hole is then burnt with a heated iron, and a permanent black stain is left; the next pair of nippers are sometimes touched to imitate the brown color of the natural mark. However dexterously the operation may be performed, the fraud is easily discovered by those who are in the habit of examining teeth. If the horse is aged, it may be known by the general appearance, such as gray hairs, sunken eyes, deep hollows above them. The bones are prominent, lips flabby, and the nippers of the lower jaw, instead of appearing angular, approach as the animal advances in years, to the horizontal.—*Philadelphia Record*.

Household Hints and Recipes.

It matting, counterpanes, or bedspreads have oil spots upon them, wet with alcohol, rub with hard soap, and then rinse with clear, cold water.

It is said that canned berries retain their flavor, and keep better when a buttered cloth is laid over the top of the jar before screwing down the cover.

A small barrel is a capital receptacle for soiled linen instead of a hamper. Have it well cleaned and lined with chintz, the outside should be either painted or covered with Turkey red embroidered with sprays; the lid must be covered or painted to correspond.

To make steamed pudding, take two eggs, one cup of sour milk, half a teaspoon of soda, a little salt and one cup of fruit. Beat the eggs and the sugar together, dissolve the soda in the milk; stir in the flour rather thicker than for cake. Steam an hour and a half.

To make eggs froth quickly when beating them, add a small pinch of salt; and it will freshen them, too. To cut warm bread or cake have your knife quite hot. Mix your stove blacking with soap-suds; the polish comes quickly and the dust of the blacking is avoided.

Beef fritters are nice for breakfast. Chop pieces of steak or cold roast beef very fine; make a batter of flour, milk and an egg and mix the meat with it; put a lump of butter into a saucepan, let it melt, then drop the butter into it from a large spoon; fry until brown; season with pepper and salt and a little parsley.

A young goose, not more than four months old, is nice cooked in this way: After dressing and singeing it carefully, sprinkle pepper and salt and a little sage in the inside; put a lump of butter in also, to moisten it; then put in a pan, and then in the oven; baste it frequently with water in which you have put some butter and pepper and salt. Serve with nice brown gravy and with gooseberry jam or apple butter; cover the batter with thin slices of buttered toast moistened with the drippings in the pan, then lay the goose upon it. Goose is usually better to be parboiled or steamed before baking, and this process extracts the oil. The usual poultry dressing and sauce may be served with it.

To clean black silk, it must be thoroughly brushed and wiped with a cloth, then laid flat on a board or table and well sponged with hot coffee, thoroughly freed from sediment by being strained through muslin. The silk is sponged on the side intended to show, it is allowed to become partially dry, and then ironed on the wrong side. The coffee removes every particle of grease and restores the brilliancy of silk without imparting to it either the shiny appearance or crackly and papery stiffness obtained by beer, or indeed, any other liquid. The silk really appears thickened by the process, and this good effect is permanent. Our readers who will experimentize on an apron or cravat will never again try any other method.—*Farmer and Manufacturer*.

A Champion Corn Husker.

Bennett Bell, of Cass county, claims to be the champion corn husker of the State. In challenging the world he says he has put in the crib five loads of corn, each load containing twenty-five bushels, and one load of fifteen bushels—making 140 bushels. He did this between breakfast and supper. The corn was measured in the wagon by getting the contents in cubic feet and taking four-tenths of it for the bushel. One hundred and twenty-four ears of the corn weighed seventy-five pounds, or one bushel, and the total number of ears husked was estimated at 17,000.—*Omaha Bee*.

Cause of Her Unhappiness.

She has sunny, golden hair, She is exquisitely fair, And her eyes of blue are gorgeous in their lustre; While her lips are ruby bright, And her teeth are pearls white; And, in fact, she, as a beauty, is a buster. But, despite her charms so rare, And her fascinating air, And the knowledge that of them all men are talking, She in life no pleasure finds, For the frosty winter winds That her lovely nose with red, when she goes walking.

—*Boston Courier*.

SELECT SIFTINGS.

Birds are said to leave the vicinity where cholera prevails.

A novelty at Cumberland, Md., is a goose that crows like a rooster.

The pistol was invented in Pistola, in Tuscany, by Camillo Vitelli, in the sixteenth century.

A man has been discovered in England, who during the greater part of his forty-two years, has of choice lived in a dark loft over a school upon food purchased from the establishment.

There was an old notion that the serpent caused death without pain, a popular fancy which Shakespeare has introduced into his "Antony and Cleopatra."

Hast thou the pretty worm of Nilus there, That kills and pains not?

Platinum wire can be drawn so fine that it is no longer visible to the "naked" eye, and can only be felt. It can be seen with a magnifying glass when the wire is held against white paper. It is used in telescopes and similar instruments.

A good fat sheep was grazing in a field near Mount Pleasant, Penn., when a big bald eagle swooped down upon it like a lightning bolt. It buried its talons so deep in the sheep's back that it could not release itself, and the sheep ran home, when the immense bird was captured.

The painting of Egypt existed unchanged for a period of more than 2,000 years, with a stability unequalled in the other civilizations of the world. It was, perhaps, not quite so extensively employed in the ancient kingdom as in the later times; paintings can be dated as far back as the third dynasty (3,818 to 3,134 B. C., according to Lepsius), but they were restricted to interior decoration. The walls of the pyramids were unadorned by color.

A person struck by lightning does not know it, the fluid being much quicker than thought. The nerves which convey pain are rather slow in their power to convey information. Stick a pin in the tail of an elephant and quite a perceptible interval occurs before the noble animal gives his opinion of the man or boy at the end of the nervous system on trial. Lightning does its work before the victim knows anything. Two men were struck while taking refuge under a tree. Both were carried into the house, and laid out for dead. One of the men revived, and after weeks of suffering and infirmity, he got out again, and is still living. He said that he knew no more about having been struck by lightning than he was conscious of having lived before the flood. It was all news to him when told of the fact.

HEALTH HINTS.

Nurses in a sick room should not sit or stand too near the patient, and above all things they should avoid talking when leaning over a sick person.

FRICKLE CURE.—Take two ounces of lemon juice, or half a drachm of powdered borax, and one drachm of sugar; mix together and let them stand in a glass bottle for a few days, then rub on the face occasionally.

Few people know how to apply a mustard plaster so as not to blister the skin. If the mustard be mixed with the white of an egg, instead of water, the plaster will draw thoroughly without blistering the most delicate skin.

At a recent meeting of the New York Odontological society, Dr. E. Farml Brown said: "I will venture the assertion that the excessive use of common salt is one of the main factors in the destruction of human teeth to day."

Writers in the London *Lancet* call attention to the great value of hot water applications to the head in cases of fainting or syncope. They say also that a prompt use of it, applied to the forehead with cloths, will very often avert such attacks.

A Peculiar People.

"The nest for godly people," says the Odessa correspondent of the London *Times*, "is the title of a Russian religious sect which has come into existence during the last fifteen years. Its headquarters appear to be at the historic fortress town of Bender, in the neighboring government of Bessarabia, and its strange name is due to the fact that its members—all of the peasant class—dig a grave in the floor (which is of dried earth) of their habitations, or else in their gardens, and lie therein until overcome by hunger, in order, as they say, to commune with God, to confess to Him their sins, and examine their past life. To enable them the better to do this the grave is covered with a wooden, box-like lid or canopy, having a door in it for ingress and egress; so that they lie in the grave as in a coffin, and were it not for small apertures in the top part of it they would run the risk of being suffocated. When the grave or 'nest' is in the garden it is thickly surrounded with bushes for the sake of greater privacy, and guarded by a savage watchdog to prevent curious or impertinent people coming near it. These sectarians pretend that in their ecstatic moments, and when suffering extreme hunger, they see saints and devils, and some of them are subject to hallucinations. Another peculiarity of the members of this sect is that they hold as little conversation as possible with other people, or in fact with each other; so that the kind of life which they endeavor to lead is akin to that of unclothed monks."

The Bee Hive.

Observe these busy little bees a laying up their honey and try to be as wise as these by saving all your money. You smoke say five cigars away and drink say six times daily, cards, pool and billiards, too, you play and treat the fellows gayly. In twenty years this fun will cost, according to good scholars, with interest and time that's lost just \$30,000. But if you count your loss of health and self-inflicted trouble you'll find this foolish waste of wealth will figure more than double. Then, when it's time no more to slave but pleasure take, so sick you will feel because you didn't save you'll want some one to kick you. So imitate these busy bees and all your pennies treasure and then when older take your ease with forty years of pleasure.

—H. C. Dodge, in Goodall's Sun.

QUEER WEDDING CUSTOMS.

PHASES OF MARRIAGE IN DIFFERENT LANDS.

The Australian who woos his Bride with a Club—The Asiatic who Buys Her, Steals Her, and Fights.

"In Australia the native lover woos his sweetheart with a club, in some parts of Asia he has to buy her of her parents, in others he has to steal her," says Myers Deley, an Englishman who has traveled in almost every land, especially in the out-of-way places, and who recently arrived in New York from China. "The Australian, when he would wed, makes up his mind as to which woman shall be his bride, and then hides in the bushes in the vicinity of her dwelling place. It is not necessary for her to know that there is a lover looking for her, especially with a stout cudgel, or may be she wouldn't be won as frequently as she is. As soon as she comes near where the anxious swain lies hidden, and if she is alone, he pounces out upon her, promptly and effectually knocking her down with the club, and carries her off before she comes to. If he does not get her to his hut before she recovers, there is likely to be a lively fight in the bush, for the Australian damsel is generally a vigorous one, and she may have reasons of her own for objecting to the lover's efforts to win her. The would-be bridegroom may then be obliged to club her again, and as this is considered to be rather a reflection on the ardor with which his earlier effort was made, he generally puts as much soul and muscle into his first love tap as he can summon.

"When a resident of the cape, or Kaffir land, yearns for a life partner, he has an interview with the father of the lady. If the old gentleman thinks well of the youth, and that he would do honor to him as a son-in-law, he says: "Well, can you give me two hundred cattle for my daughter?" "That is, it may be two hundred or it may be more or less, just as the old man values his daughter or appraises the stock owning or getting capacity of the prospective son-in-law. If the young Kaffir is determined to wed the maiden whose hand he seeks, he will always reply that he can fill the bill as to cattle, no matter if he hasn't enough on hand to make a good sized dish of hash, and never expects to have. He'll fix that. There are plenty of Kaffirs who have cattle galore, and he gathers together a few congenial friends, and they stroll over to some convenient kraal of a neighboring tribe, and walks away with the requisite number of cattle to make the bridegroom happy. Of course the owner of the cattle usually raises very strong objections to this exchange of property, and there may be a number of woolly heads broken before the expectant bridegroom secures the herd. If he gets them all right to his kraal, that settles the matter. The man that lost them knows that other tribes have cattle, and that he may want to marry some body himself without having the necessary stock on hand to win the bride. Then he will forage on his neighbor in the same way. Thus is Hymen's torch kept lighted in Kaffir land.

"In some parts of Central Asia the bridegroom has a tough time in getting and keeping possession of his bride. In the first place, he has to steal her, and if she don't object to being stolen the couple may get to the wedding place with whole skins, for if she don't object she is not compelled to give any alarm, and the whole village will not be at their heels unless they are discovered by accident while making off. If she gives an alarm the bride stealer must make his way hindered with the struggling damsel and followed by a crowd of yelling neighbors. The wedding place is the hut of the young man's parents. And there he must take his bride before he can claim the right to her hand. If she has not lungs enough to summon rescuers nor muscle enough to get away from the lover before the hut is reached then she can make no further protest against the marriage. The bridegroom can't claim a bride until he has a hut of his own to take her to, and in taking her from her father's house to his own he has another gauntlet to run. The bride's friends, whether she be a willing bride or not, have the right to assemble and attempt to rescue her while she is en route. The bridegroom throws his bride across his back. She is always covered with a scarlet garment. He is surrounded by a number of youths living in the village, and all the bride's young lady friends in her village, armed with stones and clubs, batter and pelt the bridal procession and fill the air with fiendish yells in their efforts to keep the bride among them. The battle is waged in earnest, and both bride and groom are always covered with blood and bruises, even if they succeed in reaching the boundary line of safety. This they usually effect. If a bridegroom fails to get away with his bride he is compelled to pay a ransom in cattle or other gifts to her parents before she will be delivered up to him.

"In other places in Asia the question of a man's title to a bride must be settled by a fierce fight between the friends of the contracting parties. If the bridegroom's friends are victorious, he has his inamorata as a trophy. If his friends are victorious, he must pay such price as the victors demand. All over that country some ceremony of violence or physical powers must precede a wedding. In certain districts there must be a wedding match between the bride and groom. If the man wins, the woman must surrender herself to him. If she wins, she has the option of accepting him or not. Some native tribes compel a foot race between the bride and bridegroom to decide the question of marriage, and others require a long chase on horseback.

"They have interesting marriage ceremonies in Norway and Sweden. The custom among the Swedish peasants is exceedingly droll. When a girl is to be married in Sweden she is dressed in her bridal garments, and is placed in the middle of a room. As she stands she is surrounded by a circle of bright lights. The groomsmen then enter, each carrying a lighted lamp. The villagers have assembled about the cottage in the mean time, and the doors and windows are thrown open. Through them who ever wishes may enter, and the most liberal criticisms of the bride are made. Men and women walk about her and talk freely to one another about her appearance, her character, her prospects, etc. One will hear some young fellow say:

"Well, she's to be married at last, eh? About time, I think. It's the first offer she has had since I jilted her." "Yes, some one else will say, 'and I pity the man who marries her.' "But don't she look o.d., though," another spectator will say; 'and won't she make the poor fellow stand around?' "Women wearing masks and different disguises will always be present for the purpose of making remarks both pointed and insulting, but everything is borne patiently and in good part by the bride and groom. The chaffing is kept up for an hour or two, every one but the friends of the parties are ordered to quit the house, and the ceremony is performed."—*New York Sun*.

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SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL

Attention is called by the *Coal Trade Journal* to the fact that the value of water as an aid to blasting, when used in connection with explosives, is rapidly becoming recognized in this country, as well as in the larger mines and quarries of Europe.

On a clear night, about 3,000 stars are visible to the naked eye. A like number in the opposite hemisphere makes a total of about 6,000 that can be seen without a glass. The telescopic stars, unseen by the unaided eye on account of their remoteness, are classified as high as the fourteenth magnitude; and their number is vastly greater, being reckoned as high as 20,000,000.

Imitation black walnut can now be manufactured very cheaply. One part of walnut peel extract is mixed with six parts of water, and the wood is coated with the solution. When the material is about half dry a solution of bichromate of potash with water is rubbed on it, and then your walnut is ready. In this way excellent walnut can be made from poor pine, and it is said to defy detection except upon very close examination.

The Mobangi, a large and important tributary of the Congo, and probably the lower portion of the River Velle, has been explored by Rev. G. Grenfell in his little steamer Peace from the Congo in a mean direction of north by east for a distance of between four hundred and four hundred and fifty miles, including the turnings of the stream. It is navigable for vessels of considerable size, and its mean depth is stated to be twenty-five feet.

The icebergs of the Southern ocean are magnificently colored. The general mass has an appearance like a sugar-loaf, with a slight bluish tint, except where fresh snow resting on the tops and ledges remains absolutely white. On this ground color there are parallel streaks of cobalt blue of various intensities. The coloring of the crevasses, caves and hollows is of the deepest and purest azure blue possible. It seems a much more powerful color than that in the ice of Swiss glaciers. The intensity of the blue light received from the bergs is such that the gray sky behind them appears distinctly reddened—assuming the complementary tint. At night the bergs have a slight luminous glow, suggesting that they are to a small extent phosphorescent.

No date can be assigned to the first bread, specimens having been found among the remains of the mysterious people who lived on the Swiss lakes before the dawn of history. The bread of the lake-dwellers was made from wheat, barley and even poppy-seeds, and was baked between red-hot stones. By Chinese writers Ching-Nung is reputed to have been the first who taught men—about 2,000 B. C.—the art of husbandry, and the method of making bread from wheat, and wine from rice. The baking of bread was known in patriarchal ages—see Exodus xii, 15—and became a profession at Rome in 170 B. C. Barley-bread was used in England in the time of James I, potato-bread is now eaten in Ireland, and powdered codfish is made into bread in Iceland.

The Treasury Waste Paper Room.

Down in the basement of the treasury department, at Washington, is a room in which about a dozen girls sit and sort over the waste paper which has accumulated from the work of the day before by the 2,500 clerks in the room above. All of the waste paper of the department is transferred to this room by the sweepers at the close of each day. Then the girls go over it carefully, piece by piece, and they frequently make very valuable discoveries. Not long ago \$10,000 worth of bonds were found in a waste basket in the office of the comptroller of the currency, and there was a great howl about it at the time, but in the end no body was punished for the gross carelessness; but such large sums as this seldom find their way into the sorting room. The principal discoveries are penholders and stationery which has been accidentally dropped into waste baskets. Sometimes a valuable document disappears in an unaccountable manner from the files of the department. The rooms are ransacked, and every one connected in the division becomes well nigh crazy. As a last resort the waste paper room is appealed to. In nine cases out of ten, if the paper has been disposed of in that way, the girls will find it. They have become remarkably expert in sorting over this rubbish. A girl will take a mass of it in her hands, and, in less than the time it takes to tell it, her sharp eyes will have seen all the different pieces, and if there is even a scrap that looks though it might be valuable, it is carefully laid aside for further examination. Experience has convinced the treasury officials that these girls annually save many times their salaries to the government. The sale of waste paper is one of considerable importance, and the revenue each year is, in the course of business, turned back into the treasury, where it properly belongs.

A Serenade.

Beneath thy lattice, bounteous maid, Mad of the starry eyes; Ere he begins his serenade Thy faithful lover sighs. Fair Dian shows her silvery light; The casement pray unbar, And I will touch for thee to-night, Sweet love, the light guitar. I'd sing balades, but ask me not, My own, my guiding star, This night, at least, for I have got A touch of light catarrh.

—*Boston Courier*.

A BIRD FANCIER'S STORY.

TELLING HOW CANARY BIRDS ARE TAUGHT TO SING.

And then Narrating a Romantic Incident of a Canary Bird that He Deems Priceless

"It is very hard to make a canary bird sing a tune," said an uptown bird fancier to an inquisitive amateur ornithologist, "very hard, indeed, and I have only one tune-singing bird in my shop. It takes a year or so of hard work to train a bird to this state of musical perfection. In Germany, where most of our canary birds come from, there are families that do nothing else for a livelihood except train birds in this accomplishment. It is done in this way: They always have one bird that can sing a tune, and he is shut up in a dark room with a young bird that has already shown some ability as a singer. After a while the young bird begins to imitate the other, and in the course of a couple of months he can sing the tune very well. Then he is taken away from his teacher, and a music box that plays the same tune is put into the room, and the old bird is transferred to another room, where he teaches the same lesson to another young bird. Only one bird can be taught at a time, and, as very often the young bird is unable to learn a tune at all, you can form some idea of the difficulties in the way of the work. Of course this makes the birds very expensive. An ordinary canary bird sells for \$3, and some bring \$5, while a bird that sings a tune readily commands \$60 to \$300, according to the extent and merits of its accomplishments. I have known of a canary that could sing three tunes, but such birds are very rare indeed. I never heard of another. That one belongs to the King of Bavaria.

"I own a singing bird that can't be got from me with money," said the dealer, as he turned to a cage behind him. "He only sings one tune, but I can tell you a remarkable story about him. My daughter trained him herself when we lived in Germany six years ago. She trained him to sing a song of her own improvisation. Of course it is much harder for a person to train a bird than for another bird to be the teacher, and it took her nearly six months before the little fellow could sing it through without making a mistake."

Here the bird fancier whistled a few bars of a melody which the bird took up and finished without a break.

"Well," continued the dealer, "at about that time I concluded to come to America, and leaving my daughter behind me—I was a widower—I sailed for New York. Soon after landing I opened a store in Harlem and sent for my daughter. By some mishap I failed to meet her, and the most careful inquiries threw no light on her whereabouts. I knew she had sailed, but I couldn't learn the name of the steamer or anything about her. At last, after searching for her until I had spent almost all the money I had, I gave up in despair. One day I was walking down Mulberry street, when I heard a street boy whistling this very air you have just heard the bird sing. I stopped him, and inquired where he had heard it. He said that a young woman in the same tenement houses where he lived had a bird that sang it. Need I say more? I had him lead me there at once, and soon discovered that the owner of the bird was my lost daughter. She was miserably poor, and was making her living scrubbing offices. She had come on another steamer than the one I had intended her to take, and having lost my address had not been able to trace me any better than I had her."—*New York Sun*.

A Romance of the Ball Field.

The marriage of Williamson, the proficient third baseman of the Chicago nine, says the Chicago *News*, was a very romantic and happy one. His wife was a beautiful New Orleans girl of good extraction. The Chicago club was playing an exhibition game in that city, and Flint, the catcher, and his wife accidentally met the young lady at her hotel. Mrs. Flint invited her to witness the game. She had never seen one, and knew nothing of and cared little for the pastime, but she consented to go if Mrs. Flint would promise her not to introduce her to any baseball people. The promise was given and the ladies attended the game. The young lady was considerably interested in the playing, and seemed to have her heart set on having the Chicago win. The champions, however, were getting worried, and it depended on a good batman to win the game for them. They had the final innings, and three men on bases would be left there if the striker failed. Williamson came to the bat, and the young lady unconsciously arose from her seat in her excitement.

She took in the situation, and pulling off her corsage bouquet said to Mrs. Flint, "if he brings those men in I'll throw him these flowers." Others were as excited as she. There was not a sound. Williamson was the only cool one there. He got the ball he wanted and sent it "kiting." The result was three tallies by the other men and a home run himself. Williamson made that home run straight into the girl's heart. As he touched the home plate and sped farther by the momentum of his run, he came panting underneath the girl with a bouquet. She raised it aloft and tossed it at his feet. He picked it up as the cheers of the spectators rent the air, and he bent low in bow to his admirer. Blushing at own audacity, she sat down and buried her face on Mrs. Flint's shoulder. T night there was a reception to the club at the hotel, and she was presented to the home-runner. They looked each other's eyes, and the umpire cried out, "One strike."

What Scared Him.

Oh, dainty, darling Isabelle, I loved you fondly, madly, too; How wildly I can never tell, Since I can never come to woo. I vowed that I would make you mine, I vowed that I your love would win; But now no longer do I pine, I only think what night has been. Your sylph-like form, your lovely face, With passion filled my worn old heart, Made captive by your wily grace— But now, alas! we two meet part! For you and I can never meet, My passion all has died away, Since by a hard, relentless fate I saw you cast on Christmas day.

—*Somerville Journal*.

Arlington Advocate

Swan's Block, Arlington Ave.

Published every Friday afternoon, by
CHARLES S. PARKER,
Editor and Proprietor.

Subscription, \$2.00. Single Copies, 4 CTS.

Arlington, Jan. 1, 1885.

ADVERTISING RATES.	
Reading Notices, per line.	25 cents
Special Notices, " "	15 "
Religious and Obituary Notices, per line.	10 "
Ordinary Advertisements, per line.	8 "
Marriages and Deaths—free.	

OUR GREETING—Happy New Year.

On this the first day of the new year 1886 we most heartily greet all our readers with wishes for peace prosperity and blessing all through the weeks and months which must come and go before the year now so freshly come shall in turn be the old one, to be "watched out," perhaps to be remembered with regret, perchance to be ever held in memory's grasp as the one when the highest purposes and noblest aims ruled and controlled and successes worth the name of victories were won.

The opening year brings with it much that is encouraging, although there are dark clouds over our country and within the borders of the State a deep discontent among the wage earners and much uneasiness among capitalists and managers of wealth are plainly traceable because of an almost open warfare between labor and capital. Arbitration has smoothed some of the worse places and helped conflicting interests to avoid open rupture and that this is a better way to settle honest differences, all now admit. The chances are that we shall have fewer "strikes" than for many years because of this and prosperity will be in proportion to the steadiness of the employment capital furnishes.

On our own enterprises fortune seems to smile. For several years we have worked early and late, at the sacrifice of personal comfort and at the cost of something in health, but have had the satisfaction of seeing our business established on a somewhat broader and firmer basis each year, until now it has become one in which ourselves and others may feel something of pride.

We shall continue to do all within our power to aid the town in its growth, to push the standard of morality forward more nearly to the place where it belongs, to speak kindly when it must be reprovingly, and in as broad and plain language as we can command when it is our privilege, as so often is the case, to command the public spirit of individuals or chronicle events that are for the general welfare. We believe a bright and prosperous future is opening for our town in all its varied interests, and we trust that the new era upon which we to-day enter will prove indeed a HAPPY NEW YEAR.

The following may help some one to decide who has not yet made up his mind to accept the offer we extend to all who will send us the price of a subscription for the coming year:—

In answer to your inquiry in regard to Hillyer's Engraving of "Longfellow in his Library," I would say that without pretending to be an authority in art matters, I think the picture accurate and finely executed, recalling the poet and his pleasant surroundings to all who have seen him in the Library of the Craigie House.

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Gen. Beauregard will give a history of the Shiloh Campaign in the January number of the North American Review. He claims that Gen. Algonson Sydney Johnson acted only as a corps commander at Shiloh. Gen. Beauregard emphatically asserts (contrary to the common belief), that he was the sole commander on both days, and, without naming them, controverts the reports of Grant and Sherman as to the nation's forces being taken by surprise.

The very best practical art magazine is The Art Amateur. Each number contains from 32 to 50 large handsome pages, faultlessly printed on heavy paper. It is full of information about all sorts of art work. It overflows with excellent designs for painting and wood carving and brass hammering and embroidery. It gives the most admirable colored studies ever issued by any art magazine. It is copiously illustrated with sketches by the best artists and with drawings of interesting art objects of every sort. It abounds in useful hints for decoration and furnishing, invaluable to every woman with a home to make attractive. It contains a multitude of things that are useful to the art student and are found in no other publication. If you wish to paint flowers, or portraits, or cattle, or landscapes, or seas (or even photographs)—in oils or in water colors or in mineral colors—on canvas or china, on plush or silk; if you wish to carve a walnut panel, or hammer out a brass plaque, to embroider a chair back or an altar cloth—in short to do any kind of art work—you will find the most complete instructions and the best models in that practical magazine, the Art Amateur, whose broad pages and generous supplement design sheets are unequalled by any other publication in practicability or quantity. Every issue of this magazine contains more than double the designs and useful letter press to be found in any other. To be convinced, you have only to mention this paper and send twenty-five cents to the publisher, Montague Marks, 23 Union Square, New York, and you will receive a specimen copy of "The Art Amateur," together with a superb colored study, alone worth double the money.

DEDICATION OF THE

Union Chapel at Arlington Heights.

Through all the various stages of the enterprise which has resulted in giving to the people of Arlington Heights a place for religious worship which every citizen of Arlington may contemplate with pleasure and something of pride, we have filled our mission by giving publicity to the same, so that now the culminating event is reached and the final act of consecration performed we have less to chronicle than if we had not so closely followed it.

The building, in all its attractive and graceful proportions and artistic outward coloring, occupies the lot between Vine street and Wollaston avenue, on Park avenue, directly opposite the new Locke school house, so that among the first objects to greet the eye of the visitor to this wonderfully sightly locality of the most beautiful town in the northern suburbs of Boston, are the main sources of New England's power in our country—the church and school.

The building is placed with its side to the street, the vestibule being located towards the northerly end, and is surmounted by a neat tower, 62 feet high, ornamental in design and neatly trimmed with iron open-work finish and an elaborate iron point. The main roof is finished with a cresting and a gothic cross at each end.

The main audience room is nearly square, being 39 1/2 x 36 1/2 feet, and is finished to the roof, which is supported by two highly ornamental and handsomely finished trusses. The finish is light colored woods and matches the seats, and the walls are painted and tinted to correspond. Scripture texts adorn the lines at the base of the roof and the corresponding ones across the ends. Opening from this room and separated or connected by means of doors which drop into the cellar, is the lecture room, 24 x 30 feet, and half the height of the main room. Both these are carpeted with a small figured carpet of a drab tint, strikingly harmonious and pleasing.

The pulpit alcove is at the southerly end of the main room, and the furniture consists of heavy black-walnut chairs, upholstered in red velvet, of fine design and finish and the desk matches these perfectly. The rear entrance to the church is on one side of the pulpit platform and on the other is a small retiring room.

The ladies' parlor occupies the space above the lecture room, and is reached by an easy flight of stairs from the main vestibule. It is 24 x 27 feet, and being furnished with a wholly glazed front can be utilized as a gallery, should occasion require. This room the ladies will furnish in keeping with the rest of the building, and probably no part of it all will be more important in sustaining the objects for which the church was designed. Their most important auxiliary, the kitchen, is in the north end of the cellar, where it is almost wholly above ground, as the land slopes away, and here are all the housewifely conveniences, and on one side a large dumb-waiter, extending to the top floor.

The heating apparatus (the most approved steam-heating) is located in the cellar, and that it will be ample and economical all seem well assured. The lighting is also well provided for by means of brass chandeliers for lamps, but into which gas can be introduced when the pipes are laid.

It was this place of religious worship, thus built and furnished, that was dedicated with appropriate and solemn services last Wednesday evening. At the hour of service the church was found filled to its utmost capacity and the exercises opened with music by the "Amphion Club," a local orchestra, and the chorus, "Lovely Night." Prof. Dorchester then read an appropriate selection from the ritual, and this was followed by a hymn announced and read by Rev. C. H. Watson, pastor of the Baptist-church. The Scripture readings were by Rev. C. J. Ketchum, rector of St. John's church, and Rev. W. H. Daniels, who filled the place in the programme assigned to Dr. Mason, of the Congregational church, absent.

Rev. J. P. Forbes, of the Unitarian church, offered prayer, which was followed with a soprano solo in response, by Mrs. Dr. Grant.

The sermon was by Rev. J. T. Duray, D. D., of Boston, who announced his text, "Philip saith unto him, Lord, show us the Father and it sufficeth us." John, 14:8. He spoke of Philip as the most interesting of the disciples because he was ever pushing to know the truth and because he was so thoroughly sincere. His was a common experience and his expressed desire was the voicing of a universal wish, a felt need. The speaker traced the seeking after a God that could be seen and touched by ancient peoples and showed how the want was met by Moses when the tabernacle was made by direct command of God. Christ came to show the Father to the world, and whoever saw and touched Him knew the Father and whoever sees and touches a true disciple to-day, himself hath seen the Father. In closing the speaker re-

mind his hearers that the people made the church; the building can be nothing more than a canopy in which "two or three are met together in His name," and if truly joined, then He is "in the midst and that to bless." The sermon was one likely to be long remembered.

After singing a hymn, announced and read by Rev. E. L. Houghton of the Universalist church, Mr. George W. Austin stepped forward to make the formal presentation to the pastor, as custodian, of the keys of the church from the corporation. He first called attention to the architect, Mr. T. B. Merrick, who had devoted himself to the work for the love of the cause, and without pay, as the one especially to be named in praise for what he had done, and did not forget Mr. Joseph Baxter, the carpenter, who has been also faithful. Prof. Dorchester's labors as chairman of the Board of Trustees, were fittingly acknowledged, and the accomplishments of the Chapel Guild, whose work had brought over \$900 to the enterprise, was praised as it so well deserved. Next the gift of the children of the Sunday school, whose labors had resulted in supplying the pulpit furniture and a part of the cost of the chandeliers, was noted, the amount being \$160, or nearly \$18 per month since the beginning of the work. The credit for the balance, he said, is by no means wholly due to the residents of the Heights, though they have all done nobly and some have made large sacrifices; but people in all parts of the town have given liberally, East Lexington has a large financial interest here and Boston and New York have also furnished liberal givers. Having thus voiced the thanks of the trustees to all who had aided, Mr. Austin turned to the pastor and handed him the keys, expressing the hope that it would indeed prove a church home to every one within the reach of its influence.

The reading of the "Declaration" and "Dedictory Prayer" by Prof. Dorchester and his honored father Rev. Daniel Dorchester, D. D., closed the formal exercises of dedication, but after the collection was taken pleasant words of congratulation were spoken by Dr. Charles Callis, of Boston, and Rev. W. H. Daniels, a former pastor at the Heights, at the conclusion of which the audience was dismissed with the doxology and benediction.

In this connection a slight recapitulation may be well. Under the ministrations of Prof. Dorchester the religious society holding meetings in Union Hall grew until better church accommodations were urgently demanded, and an effort to secure them inaugurated. As it was a thoroughly underground affair, pledges to the amount of \$2,500 were quite easily secured, and then it was deemed wise to go forward. Difficulties in securing a clear title to the desired site caused some delay, so that it was not until Aug. 16 that Mr. Merrick's plans were turned over to Mr. Baxter for accomplishment. The various and highly successful efforts of all interested to raise the additional funds needed are fresh in the minds of all, especially the recent fair which netted such a handsome return. The work is finished and well done, and the future is full of hopefulness for the new society. The following constitute the corporation:—J. O. L. Hilliard, C. T. Parsons, T. B. Merrick, J. Baird, G. F. Grant, T. H. Sylvester, B. Randall, J. C. Holmes, G. W. Austin, J. K. Simpson, Jr., C. E. Loud. Mr. Parsons is the clerk, Mr. Austin the treasurer. The entire cost of building and land is about \$6,000.

With the coming together of the Legislature, the Woman's Suffrage question will be again brought forward, for persistency is one of woman's jewels, and no wonder when she has such helpers as John G. Whittier, and a host of others.

Senator George F. Hear says, "We have driven our leading opponents from one position to another until there is not a thoughtful opponent of woman suffrage to be found who is not obliged to deny the doctrine which is affirmed in our Declaration of Independence."

Marriages.
In Arlington Dec. 26, by Rev. J. P. Forbes, Mr. Edward Oxner and Miss Jessie Clark, both of Arlington.

Special Notices.
ARLINGTON
Five Cents Savings Bank.
TRUSTEES' MEETING.
The Quarterly Meeting of the Trustees of the Arlington Five Cents Savings Bank will be held at the Banking Room on Friday evening, January 1st, 1886, at 7.30 o'clock, for the purpose of hearing the Report of the Examining Committee and declaring the semi-annual dividend. Also, to transact any other business that may legally come before the meeting.
ABEL R. PROCTOR,
SECRETARY.
Arlington, Dec. 24, 1885.

TO LET. HOUSE on Bedford street, Lexington, to be let, in good repair.
GERSHOM SWAN.

Dancing and Deportment.

Mrs. Dartmouth Leonard, of Boston, pupil of the late Mons. J. Arcan, will receive a select class at Massachusetts Hall, Lexington, Tuesday Jan. 5, 1886.
Young Ladies, Misses and Masters from 4.30 to 6.30 p. m. Ladies and Gentlemen's class from 7.45 to 9.45 p. m.
Circulars obtainable by addressing my private academy 447 Shawmut Ave., Boston; or, Massachusetts Hall, Lexington. Jan 2w

SHEPHERD DOGS

For sale; two handsome, thoroughbred collie puppies from imported stock; for pedigree, price and full particulars, address Box 132, Lexington P. O., Mass. Jan 2w

Mortgagee's Sale.

BY virtue of a power of sale contained in a certain mortgage given by E. Willis Corey and Oronimus M. Corey his wife, in her own right, to Sarah L. Hubbell, executrix of the will of Peter Hubbell, dated February 1, 1873, and recorded with Middlesex County District Deeds in Book 1245, Page 416, and assigned to John H. Hubbell by assignment dated March 27, 1874, recorded with said deeds in Book 1363, Page 365, for breach of the conditions of said mortgage and for the purpose of enforcing the same, the said assignee will sell at public auction, on the premises hereinafter described (being the premises described in said mortgage), on Thursday, the twenty-eighth day of January, 1886, at 10 o'clock in the afternoon.

Two parcels of land with the buildings thereon, situated on Pleasant street in Arlington, in said County of Middlesex, bounded and described as follows, viz:—The first parcel: Beginning at the Northerly corner of the premises on the Southerly side of Pleasant street, at the division fence between said parcel and land now or late of Mary P. Payson, and thence running on said Pleasant street North 62° East about three rods; then still on said Pleasant street North 31° 14' East three rods and thirteen links; then still on said Pleasant street North 38° 12' East two rods nine links; then still on said Pleasant street North 49° East four rods fifteen links to land now or late of Addison Gage, then running South 71° 12' East on said land of Gage seventeen rods seven links to a point twenty-eight links from Spy Pond; then running South 82° West by land now or late of said Gage, and of Gage, Sawyer & Co., seven rods twenty-two links to a point seven links from Spy Pond; then South 82° West by land now or late of said Gage, Sawyer & Co., four rods one link to a point six links from Spy Pond; then Northerly on said division fence about one hundred eighty-six feet to the point of beginning.

The second parcel: Beginning at a point on Pleasant street at the Northerly corner of the first parcel, and thence by the Northerly line thereof South 27° 12' East seventeen rods seven links to a point twenty-eight links from Spy Pond; then in a Northerly direction and parallel with pleasant street seven feet; then running on said street by a line parallel with the Northerly line of the first parcel; then turning and running on said street to the point of beginning seven feet, being a total of 43 parts, an improvement of Conditions made known at time and place of sale.

JOHN H. HUBBELL,
Chester F. Sanger, Att'y
25 Court St., Boston.

PURE WHITE WHEAT MEAL

INSTEAD OF FLOUR FOR BREAD!

Nature's Great Vital Energy Recuperator.

Reasons Why it is Preferable to Flour.

Facts Are Stubborn Truths.

Flour is the only impoverished food used by mankind—impoverished by the withdrawal of the tegumentary portion of the wheat, leaving the internal or starchy portion. In chemistry we find that in 100 parts of substance—
Wheat has an ash of 17.7 parts;
Flour an ash of 4.1 parts, an impoverishment of over three-quarters.
Wheat has 8.2 Phosphoric Acid;
Flour 2.4 parts of Phosphoric Acid, an impoverishment of about three-quarters.
Wheat has 0.6 Lime, and 0.6 soda;
Flour 0.1 Lime and 0.1 soda, an impoverishment of five sixths Lime and Soda each.
Wheat has sulphur 1.0 part; flour has no sulphur.
Wheat has Sulphuric Acid 0.5; Flour has no Sulphuric Acid.
Wheat has Silica, 0.3; Flour has no Silica.

Regimen and Diet.

Every effort of the mind or movement of a muscle involves the expenditure of nervous energy and vitality, in proportion to the magnitude of the effort; these wasted products pass off with effete substances from the body, while recuperation is effected by nutrition. The use of *Purest* flour by using Common Flour is immense, which analysis proves.

First, then, make use of

Arlington Wheat Meal,

(Made from all the Wheat)
A perfect food for Children, making them strong and vigorous—also imparts strength to the aged.

Arlington Wheat Meal

Contains ALL THE WHEAT. In the coverings of the wheatears the Phosphates which go to constitute bone and muscle, and materially assist digestion by causing the rapid decomposition of the food. It is in this way the phosphates in

ARLINGTON WHEAT MEAL act, giving new power and strength to the system

Beware of Imitations.

For sale by Grocers everywhere.

ARLINGTON Photograph Studio

ARTISTIC PICTURES.

Having completed the fitting and furnishing of my new building on

ARLINGTON AVENUE, opposite Broadway, I take pleasure in announcing my readiness to fill any call for

Artistic Photograph Pictures, and my ability to warrant satisfaction in all cases.

The best appliances known to the art of photography have been used in my outfit and the reception, toilet and other rooms are neat, convenient and attractive. Parties interested are invited to call and examine specimens.

EDW. C. LITCHFIELD.

The front door opens from the street—there are no stairs to climb.
Arlington, Nov. 16, 1885.

J. H. INGALLS,

Teacher of Piano and Violin and PIANO TUNER.

RESIDENCE: BLOOMFIELD STREET, Lexington, Mass. Pianos tuned, regulated and repaired. Respectfully

TO LET!

The pleasant, sunny house formerly occupied by the late Dr. Carrier, on Muzzey street, Lexington, having nine rooms and an excellent cellar. Has a supply of water from Water Co., pipes and large cisterns. House in good order. For particulars, apply to Leonard A. Saville or John D. Bacon, Lexington.

Pleasant Street Market.

You will always find a first class stock at this Market; prices to correspond with the times.

A good stock of BEEF, LAMB, FRESH PORK, SAUSAGE,

TURKEYS and CHICKENS to make choice from.

White Cape and St. Andrew Turnips, Hubbard Squash, Onions, Parsnips, Beets, Sw. Potatoes.

Also, Cape Cod Cranberries. We shall receive our CELERY fresh from the garden.

Just received, a fresh stock of NUTS,

ALMONDS, ENGLISH WALNUTS, FILBERTS, PECANS, CASTANAS, SHELL-BARKS.

FRUITS: MALAGA GRAPES, LEMONS, ORANGES and APPLES.

SWEET CIDER AND CIDER VINEGAR. HOME-MADE MINCE PIE MEAT.

Come in and examine the quality of our goods and the prices, and if they are satisfactory, we should like to sell you.

PLEASANT STREET, ARLINGTON. WINN & PIERCE.



TO THE READERS OF THIS PAPER.

AMERICA'S IMMORTAL POET.

We take much pleasure in announcing that arrangements have been made to supply our readers with an extraordinary bargain by offering to them a LIMITED number of proof impressions of

Hollyer's Line and Stipple Steel Plate Engraving

—OF THE LATE—

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW in his Library

At "Craigie House," Old Cambridge, Mass.

"The Singer so much beloved has passed from sight, but the music of his voice is in the air."

1st. At the INTRODUCTORY and remarkably low price of one dollar for this magnificent Steel Plate Engraving, size, 24 x 32 inches.

2d. Or we will send the ARLINGTON ADVOCATE or LEXINGTON MINUTE-MAN, for one year to subscribers, together with the engraving, on receipt of \$2.50.

3d. Or we will send the engraving FREE to any person sending us TWO yearly subscribers to either of our papers.

Remember this is no chromo, or trifling work of Fancy, but a SUPERB STEEL PLATE ENGRAVING.

No more appropriate beautiful or engraving present to relation or friend can be made than this artistic picture of "AMERICA'S POPULAR POET."

CHAS. S. PARKER, Publisher.

Just Received, Lot of SPRUCE & FINE CLAPBOARDS!

AT THE

RAILROAD LUMBER YARDS,

Nos. 330 to 348 Main Street, Cambridgeport.

GEO. W. GALE.

NOW for the Holidays!

If you are in want of any kind of

LADIES', MISSES' and CHILDREN'S

Boots, Shoes and Rubbers,

CALL AT

L. C. TYLER'S

AND YOU CAN GET THEM.

If you are in want of any Men's or Boys'

Boats, Shoes or Rubbers,

Arctics, Over Shoes, Rubber Boots or a

good, nice Rubber Coat, call at

TYLER'S

and get them. He will also show you a fresh lot of

FANCY SLIPPERS,

For Christmas or New Year.

Ready-made Clothing!

We can show you some nice Suits, Overcoats, Ulsters, Reefers, nice suits for Boys; and don't forget that we have a good stock of

HATS, CAPS, GLOVES and UMBRELLAS,

new lot, all kinds; also a good assortment of Trunks and Valises, all of which we should be very glad to show you.

Please call at the Old Corner Store.

Bank Building, Arlington.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

PROBATE COURT.

To the Heirs-at-Law, next of Kin, and all other Persons interested in the estate of SUSAN L. SMITH, late of Lexington, in said County, deceased.

GREETING:

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court, for Probate, by George O. Smith, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to him, the executor therein named, and that he may exempt from giving a surety or sureties on his bond pursuant to said will and statute;

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the second Tuesday of January next, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, against the same.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once a week, for three successive weeks, in the newspaper called the Lexington Minute-man, printed at Lexington, the last publication to be two days, at least, before said Court.

Witness George M. Brooks, Esq., Judge of said Court, this twenty-third day of December, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and eighty-five.

25dc3w J. H. TYLER, Register.

\$25.00 REWARD.

The Lexington Water Company hereby offers a Reward of Twenty-five Dollars to be promptly paid to the party or parties giving information that will lead to the arrest and conviction of any one defacing any of the buildings or injuring or destroying any of the property belonging to said company within the town of Lexington.

LEXINGTON WATER CO.

Lexington, Dec. 1, 1885.

To the Honorable Board of County Commissioners for Middlesex County.

We the undersigned feeling the need of a better road between Lexington and Bedford, would respectfully request you to lay out a road from Mr. A. A. Simson's house, in North Lexington, to the house of C. L. Wait, in South Bedford, making nearly a direct line between Bedford and Lexington; which will make the road nearly one mile shorter than the old road and avoid all the hills. There would be only about one mile of road to build.

C. L. WAIT, and 73 others.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

At a meeting of the County Commissioners for the County of Middlesex, at Lowell, in said County, on the first Tuesday of September in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and eighty-five, to wit: by adjournment thereof at Cambridge in said County on the fifteenth day of December, A.D., 1885.

ON the foregoing petition, Ordered, that the Sheriff of said County, or his Deputy, give notice to all persons and corporations interested therein, that said Commissioners will meet for the purpose of viewing the premises and hearing the parties at the dwelling house of Charles L. Wait, Esq., in Bedford, in said County, on the twenty-second day of January, A. D., 1886 at eleven o'clock, A. M., by serving the clerk of each of the towns of Bedford and Lexington with a copy of said petition and this order thereon, thirtydays at least before said view, and by publishing the same in the Lexington Minute-man, a newspaper printed at said Lexington, three weeks successively, the last publication to be fourteen days at least before said view, and also by posting the same in two public places in each of the towns of Bedford and Lexington fourteen days before said view; and that he make return of his doings herein, to said Commissioners, at the time and place fixed for said view and hearing.

WM. C. DILLINGHAM, 2d Ass't. Clerk.

Copy of the petition and order thereon.

Attest, WM. C. DILLINGHAM, 2d Ass't. Clerk.

A true copy. Attest, IRA TAYLOR, Deputy Sheriff.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

Probate Court.

To the next of Kin, Creditors and all other persons interested in the estate of JOSEPH BUTTERFIELD, late of Arlington, in said County, deceased, intestate;

WHEREAS, application has been made to said Court to grant a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased, to Henry Mott, of Arlington, in the County of Middlesex. You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the first Tuesday of January next, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, against granting the same.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once a week, for three successive weeks, in the newspaper called the Arlington Advocate, printed at Arlington, the last publication to be two days, at least, before said Court.

Witness, George M. Brooks, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this twenty-day of December, in the year one thousand eight hundred and eighty-five.

18dc3w J. H. TYLER, Register.

By HITCHCOCK & CO., Auctioneers, 65 Court St., Boston.

Assignee's Sale,

IN ARLINGTON.

Will be sold at public auction, on the premises on Arlington Avenue, Arlington, Mass., on SATURDAY, Jan. 24, 1886, at 2.30 o'clock, P. M., all the right, title and interest which William H. Kimball, insolvent debtor, had on the 27th day of June, 1885, in and to the following real estate, consisting of a Large Modern Dwelling House, Barn, and about one acre of Land, located on said Avenue, with seven minutes' walk of Post Office, railroad station, churches and schools; within five minutes' walk of horse cars; good neighborhood, high and healthy location; very desirable suburban residence for Boston business men; Deciduous trees on the Boston & Lowell R. R. each way, safe positive

WEST MEDFORD NEWS.

Wednesday morning, while skating on Mystic pond, Arthur Ober and one of the Bowker boys broke through the thin ice and narrowly escaped drowning. Bowker and Ober were enjoying a skate when the former broke through the ice. Ober jumped in to his rescue, when Arthur Franklin, seeing the danger, went to their assistance and in his efforts got in himself; but fortunately by their combined efforts they rescued themselves. To cap the climax of this episode, Willie Crosby's curiosity drew him to the spot where the accident occurred, and while gazing at it, in. He was happily rescued, but it was a most narrow escape. Now is the time to beware of thin ice, as we have not had any weather cold enough to make the ice perfectly safe on the large ponds.

The public schools closed on Thursday last, the sessions to re-open on Monday. The children have made the most of every available strip of ice.

The grocery and provision stores were opened the earlier part of Christmas morning to accommodate their customers.

Workmen were kept busily engaged part of Wednesday in pumping out the cellar of Kaskas block. The land not having been graded, the water flowed in during the recent thaw.

Mr. Hammond Hopkins has bought the old depot, which has been moved down among the cluster of buildings in the rear of the railroad track, near the Congregational church. It is to be used as a carpenter shop.

Curb-stones have been put in on the walk leading to the entrance of the depot along side of the track. We expect as soon as the weather is favorable to see the grounds nicely graded.

The town is sadly deficient in pavings for the side walks and during the warm weather of the past week, the thaw has made the traveling decidedly disagreeable.

The New Year was celebrated on Friday morning, by a horse back ride, by a large party of gentlemen of the town who made quite a fine show on their mounts. We should have been glad to have accepted the invitation to join them, but as Friday is our publication day it is impossible as the papers demands our whole attention.

On Sunday evening last was given a concert at the Congregational church, by the Sunday school. The programme was arranged by the superintendent of the school, Mr. Brown, and was appropriate and in line with the celebration of Christmas, and is reported as one of the most interesting concerts ever given at this church. The exercise was composed of responsive reading and singing by the school and a number of the children from the infant department delightfully sang a Christmas carol. Some of the older scholars of the school gave recitations appropriate to the occasion, and as a completion to the topic and to bring out the lesson to be conveyed, Rev. Mr. Hood, the pastor was called on for an address which he delivered in an interesting manner and which was also eminently instructive.

This evening (Friday) there is to be a New Year's party for the children of the Congregational church. Supper to be served at six o'clock, p. m., and after an entertainment for the children.

Christmas was observed very generally among the people of the centre of the town, and in the churches especially; at the Baptist church by an entertainment of slight of hand and other amusements, at 5.45, p. m., lasting till seven, when the children were furnished with ice cream and cake. At the Mystic church the Commonwealth Quartette furnished a large portion of the programme. At the Universalist, a Christmas festival was held at 5.30, consisting of literary and musical exercises, concluding with a short scene of the children watching for Santa Claus, who appeared in good time and distributed the presents all round. At the Methodist a like festival was held at 5.30, concluding with the play of Mother Goose and Her House. Santa Claus opened his heart and remembered them all.

The stores are to be open as usual to-day (Friday) and there is to be no particular notice made of New Year's day.

A party of gentlemen got together last week and drew up a petition and canvassed signers to have the train due at West Medford at 9.34, p. m., stop for the accommodation of this town, and as a reward for their labor it will in the future stop for passengers.

The rehearsal of the Elmwood club is to be postponed the coming week, the next meeting to be Tuesday evening, Jan. 12.

The next concert of the Elmwood club will probably be given the middle of January. The talent to be engaged is to be the Schubert Quartette, which is a quartette composed of ladies, of which one of our local celebrities is a member.

There was no lesson given to the dancing class this week. It being postponed on account of the large dance at the centre on Wednesday evening.

A most unique and pleasing Christmas festival was given the children of the Sunday school of the Unitarian church on Christmas eve. The company gathered at an early hour and a substantial and bountiful supper was served at seven o'clock, to which a large number sat down. After supper a Christmas farce

which had been carefully prepared was presented by some of the members of the society in a most delightful manner, each taking part entering into the spirit of the play and affording much fun for the little ones. The play was called "Santa Claus the First," and went to show how the idea of a Santa Claus was conceived, and the manner in which it was carried out, the old king being connected as a closing act of the play into a Santa Claus and straightway went to distributing the various gifts intended for the company present, which was a happy climax. After the distribution of the gifts the room was cleared and the remainder of the evening was enjoyed in dancing. The following are the characters and those taking part in the same. King Peto, Eddie Hadley; Queen Petita, Lillian Farmer; Muff, Warren Archibald; Tippet, Amy Woods; Nip and Tuck, Norris Magoun and Emery Green; Bumble King, R. C. Sargeant, who was afterwards converted into the Santa Claus; Royal children, Jolly and Polly, Herbert Magoun and George Woods. The play was made ridiculous by the children taking the mature parts and the "big folks" acting the young innocents.

After the customary lesson of the dancing school last Wednesday evening, there was a pleasant and most enjoyable dancing party arranged. A pianist and violinist was engaged to furnish music for the occasion and pretty, home-made orders were used. The party broke up at twelve. The entertainment was given, it is understood, by Mr. Watts.

Mr. Jonas Coburn, of the centre, having served for the past thirty years as treasurer of the Ministerial Fund of the Unitarian church, was presented on Monday last, upon the occasion of his resignation of that office, with an elegant silver pitcher by the parish in grateful recognition of his faithful services.

The old depot has been ushered to a resting place on the easterly side of the track. It has a decidedly homesick look, suggested probably by its close proximity to those back yards.

The subject in the hands of the committee for the February night of the Unit Club, is the "Brooks farm community." As this subject has a peculiar local interest, and as the members are now allowed to bring their friends upon the payment of a nominal fee, we should not be surprised to see a large attendance.

The building formally occupied by a branch of the Massachusetts Infant Asylum has been purchased by Col. Halliwell, of this place, who in turn offers it for sale. It is on Brooks street, in a fine location.

Have you seen the beautiful miniature engine in the Boston station of the Lowell R. R.? If not call in and see it, also drop in a five cent piece and observe the wheels revolve and hear a fine air upon the music box connected with it.

Why can we not have a lecture from Dr. Cyrus Hamlin, now of Lexington, on "The present aspect of the Eastern question," at West Medford? He knows more about the subject than any man in America and also has a fine map.

On and after Dec. 14, '85.

TRAINS LEAVE WEST MEDFORD FOR
Boston at 6.09, 6.25, 6.45, 6.56, 7.14, 7.36, 8.04, 8.35, 8.53, 9.14, 9.36, 10.36, 11.36, a. m. 12.11, 12.53, 1.17, 1.26, 2.21, 2.50, 3.03, 3.36, 4.21, 5.36, 6.51, 10.49, p. m. Sunday, 9.21, 9.47, a. m. 12.14, 2.14, 2.51, 4.51, 5.17, 6.14, 6.51, p. m.
Boston for West Medford, 7.00, 7.45, 8.10, 9.10, 9.20, 10.15, 11.00, 11.30, a. m. 12.10, 1.15, 1.40, 2.00, 2.30, 3.10, 3.55, 4.10, 4.45, 5.10, 5.40, 5.50, 6.15, 6.40, 7.15, 7.30, 9.00, 10.00, 11.18, p. m. Sunday, 9.00, 10.15, a. m. 12.45, 1.00, 1.05, 4.00, 5.00, 5.30, 10.15, p. m.

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You ask me "What is love?"
Permit me two replies,
A dew-drop from above,
A sunbeam from the sky;
A thing of heavenly birth,
A germ of holy life—
In every spot of earth,
In human calm or strife.

A flower in every heart,
Its seed spontaneous springs;
Aroused by Cupid's dart,
Or fanned by angel's wings,
The essence of a hymn
Sung by a heavenly choir;
But not a coxcomb's whim,
Or coquette's frail desire.

Like Persian lily white—
'Tis always pure and true;
A beacon in the night,
A star in lines of blue.
'Tis hope and faith and trust,
Affection, truth, and joy,
Not the red glare of lust,
Not passion's base alloy.

A bud of native grace
In every maiden's mind,
In every maiden's face—
Or rugged or refined;
In every manly breast
It reigns supremely bright,
And gleams upon the crest
Of every gallant knight.

Love guides us as we roam
O'er all the ways of life,
Seals holiest ties of home—
The husband and the wife,
The parent and the child—
Where'er he cast their lot,
In hamlet or in wild,
Love rules the hall and cot.

—From the Spanish of Senora De Arma.

THE PAWNBROKER'S STORY.

He was a little, old man, dried and grizzled, with gray hair, thin and scraggy, which matched his beard and suited his tanned complexion and wrinkled face as if it had been ordered for that especial purpose.

"Thirty years in one shop," he mused more to himself than to his vis-a-vis in a cozy little uptown chop house the other evening. "That's a long time to be a pawnbroker. I began," he continued, after a short pause, "in a shop in Paris over forty years ago as errand boy, and worked my way up to the proprietorship. Pawnbrokers' shops in France, as you probably have heard, are not managed by the Jews exclusively. I was born in London and went to Paris a boy. It is a business which develops shrewdness if a man has any of that quality in his composition, and if he hasn't he had better retire or sell out to some man who has. The Parisian rogues are as sharp, unscrupulous and deceitful as those you have in New York, and the methods of swindling are marvels of ingenuity. Even the most experienced money lender is imposed upon at times. When I was young in the business a young mechanic came to me one day with a cheap silver watch which he wanted five francs for. It wasn't worth over ten, and I loaned him the money. The next week he reclaimed the watch, telling me it was an heirloom in his family, and money could not buy it. He was an honest young fellow, and I believed him. About a week later he came in and borrowed five francs again, which he repaid with interest at the end of the week. This sort of thing ran on for five or six weeks, until I began to look on him as a steady customer. Finally one day he came into the shop overcome with emotion.

"Mon Dieu," he exclaimed, "I am ruined."

"What is the matter?" I inquired kindly, for I regarded him as an old friend.

"My father is in prison, and I must have money to pay his fine. It was not his fault that he was arrested. He interfered to save a man he never saw before from being killed, and was arrested by the officers, and fined for disturbing the peace."

"How much money do you want?" I asked.

"Fifty francs," he answered, "but I have no security save this poor, little watch of mine, and it is not worth a fraction of that amount."

"Give it to me," I replied, and I counted out the money.

"I have the watch to this day."

"Some years after," continued the old man, "when I had been in the business long enough to be a judge of character as well as diamonds, a tall, well-dressed young woman came into my shop and asked to see me personally. I ought to have told you that the police exercise a strict surveillance over pawnshops in Paris, for it is there that the clues which lead to the detection of many a criminal are discovered. As I was about to say, this young woman, who appeared to belong to the upper class of house servants, asked to see me, and when I stepped into the shop she implored me to grant her a private interview, so we went into my back office where we could be quite alone. I didn't at this time think anything of this, so accustomed was I to such requests from women unacquainted with pawnshops. After we had seated ourselves she asked me if I took diamonds in pledge. I said that I did.

"Then she reached into her dress pocket and drew out a silk handkerchief which was knotted and bunched. This she undid, and in a few minutes spread out upon her lap the most gorgeous display of diamonds my eyes ever beheld. They were of all sizes, all unset, and in the sunlight they shone and sparkled dazzlingly. I was amazed. At once a suspicion flashed across my mind.

"Where did you get these?" I asked.

"My father," she replied, "is a diamond merchant, and he received these stones from a smuggler. He has been apprehended twice by the police, and does not dare dispose of them. There can be no danger though in your taking them, for no one can identify them, and I will sell them to you at such a low figure that you will find it profitable to buy them."

"After a long argument upon the price—she wanted ten thousand francs, which was marvellously cheap, for they were worth five times that much—we came to an understanding. I took the jewels and gave her the money in gold. She gave me her name, which was Marie Blanc, and told me her residence was 21 Rue Colbert.

"I went to bed that night rather well pleased with my bargain, but when I was confronted with a government detective the next morning I felt apprehensive regarding the outcome of the affair. The officer questioned me closely concerning my visitors of the day before, and what loans I had made. When I told him that I had loaned ten thousand francs upon a large lot of unset diamonds he demanded the privilege of examining them. Of course, I could not refuse. After looking at them carefully, making copious notes, taking the name of the young woman, a description of her appearance and such other information as I could give him, he went away leaving me in a very unpleasant frame of mind; I can tell you. Later in the day he returned to the shop with a tall, cleanly shaven man wearing a preternaturally grave expression and carrying under his heavy black eyebrows a pair of restless gray eyes, which steadfastly refused to look you straight in the face. I didn't like his looks. He was introduced to me as M. Paul Denis, business manager of the affairs of Mme. Medil, whose handsome residence on Rue Voltaire is one of the features of that avenue. He looked at the diamonds which the officer had asked me to produce and identified them positively, without question, as belonging to Mme. Medil. When I told him who had pawned them he identified the young woman as a frequent visitor at the house of his employer and an intimate friend of one of the butlers named Jacques Voison. At these revelations you may be certain I was much amazed. I felt sure some frightful crime had been committed. I gave up my francs as hopelessly gone and I would have felt gratified if I could have been assured that I too would not be involved in the trouble. After the two men had finished the examination of the stones I begged them to tell me what had occurred, when the officer took pity on me and told me with great secrecy that Mme. Medil had been found murdered in her bed—strangled—three nights before and her jewels, together with a small fortune in money and securities, had been stolen. Suspicion was fastened upon the business manager, who had been in the house that afternoon, and he was promptly arrested. He, however, protesting his innocence, had induced the officers to allow him to assist them in discovering the real culprit and had visited with an officer all the pawnshops in the city with the result above stated.

"The officer gave me a receipt for the diamonds, which he carried away, and I was placed under bonds to appear when wanted as a witness. In the course of a day or so the facts of the murder were given to the newspapers. It was then discovered that 21 Rue Colbert, which Marie Blanc had given as her address, was a butcher shop, and she was totally unknown to the proprietor or the neighbors. This puzzled the police greatly. It was a month before they were able to learn where she had gone. Jacques Voison, whom the business manager had associated with her in his testimony, had also disappeared and all traces of him were lost too. At last they found that Marie Blanc had sailed for England the day after selling the jewels, and had not been seen since she landed in London on the night of the same day. The disappearance of the butler and the young woman, taken together with the pawning of the jewels and the lack of any direct evidence against M. Denis, induced the police to release him, although for months afterward he was kept under strict surveillance. My diamonds in the meanwhile reposed in the vaults of the government waiting for further developments in this very mysterious case.

"It was, I think," continued the pawnbroker, "at least six months after the murder that the police received notification from Brussels that a lot of diamonds precisely like those which belonged to Mme. Medil, had been pawned in a shop in that city for a large sum of money. The Paris police at once sent a detective to investigate the matter. Surely enough, the diamonds were identical with those I had bought, even to those blemishes which marked my purchases. Then, too, they had been pawned by a young woman answering the description of Marie Blanc. The goods were confiscated at once, the pawnbroker was arrested and the city scoured for the young woman. This time diligence was rewarded. The police arrested her just as she was about to leave the city disguised as an old market-woman. As soon as this news was flashed to Paris the officers hastened to the house of M. Denis to arrest him, and they were none too soon, as he was about to leave, and probably would have made his escape within a very few minutes.

"Now," said the pawnbroker, "here is the strange part of this long story. Marie Blanc had concealed about her person three more sets of diamonds, each exactly like the one I had, and M. Denis also had a set with him. The two prisoners were taken before the magistrate without either having an opportunity to communicate with the other. Both maintained a brave demeanor until they were fetched together, then they broke down entirely. The six sets of diamonds were produced, and it was found that the one which M. Denis had in his possession was the only genuine set, the rest being made of paste, but so cleverly done that the best expert could not have detected this imposture. When confronted with such indubitable proofs of their collusion, each confessed. M. Denis was the murderer. Marie Blanc was his accomplice, Jacques Voison had left the house a week before the murder to go upon a sheep ranch in Australia, and had nothing whatever to do with the crime. The real diamonds were neatly counterfeited by Denis, who had learned that trade in his younger days, and Marie had been sent out to pawn the jewels for two reasons. One was to raise money and the other was to divert suspicion from the real criminal, who would have fled the country directly after the murder had suspicion not been directed to him. It only shows that no matter how carefully planned a crime may be, some loophole is always left. Murder will out."

"Did you ever get paid for your loan?" asked the listener, after the tale was ended.

"No," replied the pawnbroker. "My only pay was a ticket which admitted me to the execution of the murderer."—New York Graphic.

GUARDING WAGON TRAINS.

INTERESTING RECOLLECTIONS OF A VETERAN OF THE WAR.

How the Army Trains were Managed—Sleeping on the March—The Retreat from the Rapidan.

Early in the civil war the proportion of wagons to the army was enormous. In many commands there were as many as thirteen wagons for each regiment of infantry; one wagon for a company, and three for the field and staff. In those commands it was not uncommon for the men's knapsacks to be carried in the wagons on the march, and there was much indignation afterward when an end was put to this luxury and the men were forced to carry their knapsacks on their backs. The longer the war lasted, the more and more the proportion of wagons was cut down. Yet even as late as the summer of 1864 the Second Corps alone, then in the trenches before Petersburg, had no less than 7,000 wagons, excluding from this number the ambulance train.

The "train" of itself was quite an army, containing thousands of men—wagon masters, teamsters, veterinarians and artificers, beside a host of quartermasters' and commissaries' clerks and assistants. The wagons of the army were classified as the supply train, in charge of the commissary and quartermaster staff; the ammunition train, in charge of the ordinance staff; the ambulance train, in charge of the medical staff, and the often errant, often unfortunate baggage train, which frequently seemed to be in charge of no one. The baggage train carried, in addition to the regimental and company records and accounts, the officers' extra suits of clothes and other personal property; but as this train was of no military use in a campaign, no one having authority in the train showed any anxiety for its welfare. Except in the ambulance train, where four horses to each vehicle was the rule, the drivers sitting on the front seat of the ambulance and steering his beasts with reins, there were six mules to each wagon, the driver being mounted on the near-wheel mule and directing his intelligent charges by means of a long "check line" and a never-ending series of insulting epithets. The teamsters were in general what would be called a "hard lot"; those of the supply train were all hired civilians and wore no uniform, while those of the other trains were soldiers detached from their commands for the purpose.

When in camp the trains were parked in available open spaces within the lines of the army, so as to be secure from attacks by the enemy; on the march they had to be protected by infantry or cavalry, the usual tactics of the wagon guard being to march in two ranks, one on each side of the train, and opened out so as to leave two men to each wagon, the officers of the wagon guard taking any position about the train they chose.

It was common enough after a night's hard march, when the fresh breeze of dawn began to stir, to see sleeping horses stepping regularly on their riders, with their bridles hanging from the pomel of the saddle, nodding their heads in slumber almost to the beast's neck and momentarily awaking with the chill of the morning, only to give a slight shudder and fall asleep again. The jolt of a rolling stone also would awaken the horse and man, but only for a second. As for the foot soldiers, they would jog on hour after hour of the night, much of the time sound asleep and dreaming perhaps of good beds and "square" meals, the only evidence in the darkness of the soldier's napping being that the muscles of the arm which steadied the musket across his shoulder would relax, letting the muzzle fall with an arousing thwack on the scone of the man next behind him, if the ranks were in close order.

On an ordinary march the wagon guards' fatigues and adventures were not very great, however, and the function of guarding was often little better than a mere formality. Regular halts took place then every few hours, and opportunity was afforded for meals. The halt for the night on such a march would be at some pleasant place where water and fuel were plentiful. The wagons as they came up were parked, that is to say, formed hub to hub, in lines separated from one another by a little more than the length of a six-mule team. If the enemy were far off and all things secure, the animals would be both unhitched and unharnessed and given a chance to roll on the grass after their day's work, while fires would be started, and around them, watching their little tin cups of coffee while they boiled, the teamsters would tell stories and discuss the behavior of such and such a mule during the day. "Turning in" for the teamsters consisted in crawling inside their wagons and sleeping. In full dress, on top of the loads. The infantry wagon guards meanwhile bivouacked in the neighborhood of the train. If the enemy were near or threatening, the place of bivouac was chosen with regard to its availability to defend the train, and pickets were thrown out.

On the retreat from the Rapidan in October, 1863, the supply and baggage wagons made a train of 7,000 vehicles, and its withdrawal was slow and its route tortuous on account of the uncertainty as to the intentions of the Confederates. But after eight days of maneuvering and desultory fighting, the army of the Potomac was in full retreat toward the defenses of Washington, and the wagon train was following it, with nothing between the rear of the train and the enemy but the second corps, which was acting as rear guard. On the night of Oct. 13 the train was parked about midway between Warrenton and Catlett's station. The next day, early, all was in motion, but the rear guard, halted before sunrise to permit the train to wind down a steep and curving road to Cedar creek, and to cross the creek by a rough ford, in which several of the wagons were overturned. The infantry meanwhile had lain down in their ranks for more sleep, and the rays of the rising sun were making their eyes blink uncomfortably, when from the high ground overlooking them and the ford a rattle of carbines was followed by the "rebel yell." "Attention!" rang out from the Second Corps' bugles, and the men were instantly on their feet and ready. Luckily, at the critical moment the

outpost line of the brigadiereast the ford repelled the sudden dash of the Confederate cavalry. Companies were deployed along the column in skirmishing order and advanced up the ridge at the double quick, so that within a few minutes a long line of Union skirmishers was stretched out between the slowly moving train and the attacking force. Infantry on both sides became engaged and batteries galloping into position showed off their skillful gunnery against one another from every elevation in the vicinity. Amid the noise of conflict, and screened by the thick veil of smoke, the train finally succeeded in passing the ford and gradually moving off out of range of the enemy, to be attacked again that afternoon some miles further on at Bristol. After another series of defensive maneuvers it was parked in safety on the north side of historic Bull Run, and its supplies were dealt out to the half-famished army that had been fighting and marching with scarcely any rest or food for ten days and nights.

—T. F. Gatyay, in New York Star.

Queer Fish.
The Indian jugglers tame the climbing perches and carry them about with them as part of their stock in trade; their ability to live for a long time out of water makes them useful confederates in many small tricks which seem wonderful to people accustomed to believe that fish die almost at once when taken out of their native element.

The Indian snakehead is a closely allied species, common in the shallow ponds and fresh water tanks of India, where holy Brahmins bathe and drink and die and are buried, and most of which dry up entirely during the dry season. The snakehead, therefore, has similarly accommodated himself to this annual peculiarity (writhing in hand) in his local habitation by acquiring a special chamber for retaining water to moisten his gills throughout the long deprivation of that prime necessity. He lives composedly in semi-fluid mud, or lies torpid in the hard baked clay at the bottom of the dry tank from which all the water has utterly evaporated in the drought of summer. As long as the mud remains soft enough to allow the fish to rise slowly through it, they come to the surface every now and then to take in a good hearty gulp of air, exactly as gold fish do in England when confined, with thoughtless or ignorant cruelty, in a glass globe too small to provide sufficient oxygen for their respiration. But when the mud hardens entirely they hibernate, or rather estivate, in a dormant condition until the bursting of the monsoon fills the pond once more with the welcome water. Even in the perfectly dry state, however, they probably manage to get a little air every now and again through the numerous cracks and fissures in the sun baked mud. Our Aryan brother then goes a fishing playfully with a spade and bucket, and digs the snakehead in this mean fashion out of his comfortable lair, with an ultimate view to the manufacture of pillau. In Burma, indeed, while the mud is still soft the ingenious Burmese catch the helpless creatures by a still meaner and more unsportsmanlike device. They spread a large cloth over the slimy ooze where the snakeheads lie buried, and so cut off entirely for the moment their supply of oxygen. The poor fish, half-asphyxiated by this unkind treatment, come up gasping to the surface under the cloth in search of fresh air, and are then easily caught with the hand and tossed into baskets by the Buddhists.

Old Anglo-Indians even say that some of these mud-haunting oriental fish will survive for many years in a state of suspended animation, and that when ponds or jails which are known to have been dry for several successive seasons are suddenly filled by heavy rains, they are found to be swarming at once with full-grown snakeheads, released in a moment from what I may venture to call their living tomb in the hard-ned bottom.—Cornhill Magazine.

Origin of Two Phrases.

"High and Dry"—An epithet applied to the soi-disant "orthodox" British clergy of the last century, for whom, while ill paid curates did the work, the comforts of the establishment were its greatest charms.

Wherein are various ranks and due degrees. The bench for honor and the stall for ease.

Though often confounded with, they are utterly dissimilar to, the modern High church or Anglo-Catholic party, who now receive the title at times; while the opponents receive the corresponding appellation of "Slow" and "Low," and the so-called Broad church is defined with equal facility as the "Broad" and "Shallow." Humorists have divided these three portions of one church into Altitudinarians, Plitudinarians, and Latitudinarians.

"They Went At It Pell Mell"—They went at it headlong in a reckless manner. From the players of pall mall, who rush heedlessly to strike the balls. The "pall" is the ball (Italian, pallio), and the "mall" is the mallet or bat (Italian, maglia; French, mail). The bat is sometimes called the pall mall; sometimes the game is so called, and sometimes the ground set apart for the game, as Pall Mall, London.

"They went at it ding dong," is a corresponding term. To ding is to beat or bruise (Saxon, denegan); ding is a responsive word. One gives a ding and the other a dong.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Sharks That Bark.

Some seasons ago I was on a fishing trip on the New England coast, and some one hauled up a dog fish, a small shark about two feet long. It slid under the box upon which I was sitting, and very soon there came a bark so exactly like that of a young dog that, not knowing of the dog-fish, I asked the skipper why he did not bring the dog on deck. He informed me that I was sitting over it, and on hauling it out, it gave utterance to a series of barks that would have done credit to the best of shore barkers. The sounds were made seemingly by the mouth, as if the teeth were being ground together, or two hard substances. Now it would be a single bark. Then several would follow in quick succession, and when later a dozen or more barks were piled on deck, quite a chorus ensued. The skipper of this craft told me that there was no doubt that blackfish (a detestable) uttered cries, as he had heard them on more than one occasion.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

NEWS AND NOTES FOR WOMEN.

Cable cord is much worn.
Seal holds its favor with the public.
Red is much worn by children this winter.

Hoods on street wraps are much worn in Paris.
The brooch or round pin is fast becoming popular.

Long circulars lined with sable are being much called for.
Japanese belles, with rich papas, order their dresses from Paris.

Miss Laura Braden is president of the Washington, Penn., railroad.

Sealskin sacs come in short lengths. Some have loose pointed fronts.

Fur shoulder capes are to be worn, but not as fashionably as last winter.

Lemon juice and glycerine make a good emollient for the skin in cold weather.

Solitaire diamond earrings are almost the only sort worn by New York ladies.

Very beautiful are some of the vinaigrettes made by plating silver on glass.

In bonnets where velvet and fur are combined, the fur must match the color of the velvet.

The point d'Alencon flounces on the dress of the Queen Christina of Spain cost \$200 a yard.

"Mrs. J. Smith, P. Mrs.," is the way the new postmistress in an Indiana town writes her official name.

A recent bride carried her fancy for flowers so far as to have a spray of orange blossoms on her white satin slippers.

Little girls wear a great deal of red brown, but no matter how much color their frocks have, their stockings must be black.

Young ladies are reviving the catogan braids, and very young girls wear the Gretchen braids. The fluffy bang is also in order.

Short, jaunty jackets of rough cloth are worn with loose diagonal fronts and short, fitted back, trimmed with wide braid or fur or large buttons.

Eider down is much used this winter in lining the old-fashioned quilted skirts, the pumpkin boots and the old-fashioned English pelisses that are being imported.

A case is mentioned in which the practice of biting the end of silk thread resulted in lead poisoning, the silk being treated with sugar of lead to give it weight.

The last beautiful fabric is a silken gauze with velvet flowers brocaded on its sheer surface. The flowers are in the colors of nature on a cream white ground.

The employment of women underground is prohibited in Great Britain, but the British factory inspector reports that 4,458 are at work in mining operations above ground.

Silk astrakhan cloth is one of the prettiest materials used in millinery this season, and is exceedingly becoming to the face. It is in various neutral tints beside black and white.

A London belle appeared in public recently with a muff made of a tiger's head, teeth and all, the same ornamented with claws. This opens a vast field for fashion in the zoological line.

Miss Cleveland's favorite flowers are coming to the front again, pond lilies and roses. A bouquet of pond lilies is taken to her room every morning and a fresh basket placed on the table at breakfast. So says a Washington writer.

Ida A. Harper is a busy woman. She is an editorial writer on the Terre Haute, Ind., Mail, edits a department in the Daily Express and is assistant editor of the Fireman's Magazine, the organ of the Locomotive Firemen's Brotherhood.

English homespun, serge and chevrot gowns prevail to the exclusion of nearly all others for the street and at day entertainments. These dresses are so sensible and so attractive by reason of their fine fit, that they are used alike by old and young ladies.

The Princess Isabelle, the only surviving child of the Emperor of Brazil, is happily married to the Count d'Eu. She is now thirty-five or forty years of age and is rather muscular in style and disposition. She has intelligence and firmness and is often compared to Queen Elizabeth. During the absence of the Emperor in the United States and Europe in 1876 and 1877 she assumed his authority and ruled with firmness.

Cooking Under Difficulties.

Dan de Quill, describing Virginia City in the Cincinnati Enquirer, mentions some curious effects of the great elevation of that town, which is some 7,000 feet above the level of the sea. He says: "Our atmosphere is very light. In some respects this is an advantage, while in others it is the contrary. For instance, water boils here at such a low temperature that it is difficult to cook many articles of food by boiling. This is a mystery that the uneducated cook from places nearer the level of the sea can seldom be made to comprehend. Why her peas remain as hard as bullets and her beef like a stick of bass wood she cannot understand; for, explain it as you will, she is of the same opinion still—which is, that boiling water is as hot in one place as another, all the way from the highest peak of the Himalayas to the shores of the Dead Sea. Though the cook cannot be made to understand anything about atmospheric pressure, she will presently learn that by means of close fitting not lids she can confine the steam, which can be made as hot as the steam of any other region."

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